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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907

❀

Congress and the Brownsville Incident

The suggestion is made by certain newspaper correspondents that Congress may attempt by law to reinstate in the army the members of the Brownsville battalion discharged from the service by the President, and a correspondent in the New York Times even suggests that the President has intimated that he would refuse to obey such a law if it should be passed, that the only remedy for the refusal would be impeachment, and that it is not likely that the House would go so far as to impeach him. All this is probably newspaper gossip; there is too much good sense in Congress to allow the passage of the law suggested by the fertile mind of the newspaper writer; and if such a law were passed, it would clearly be the duty of the President to disregard it. It is just as much a violation of the Constitution for Congress to usurp the functions of the President as it is for the President to usurp the functions of Congress. The President is made by the Constitution the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and if Congress were to attempt to execute the functions of Commander-in-Chief it would clearly be the duty of the President to resist the usurpation. Congress can by law determine the terms and conditions of enlistment; it can probably deprive the President in the future of the power to discharge enlisted men without trial, which he now possesses. But it cannot exercise the power of discipline over the army. It can no more discharge an officer or soldier, or reinstate an officer or soldier who has been discharged, than it could assume to direct military operations in the field in time of war, or promote or degrade officers, or direct the President whom to promote and whom to degrade. We do not deny the right of the Senate to investigate the Brownsville incident, or any other incident it wishes to know about, but we think it is a palpable waste of time for it to do so; for it can take no action as to what has been done, whatever may be the result of its investigation, and its opinion based on that investigation will have no legal authority, and no more moral authority than that of any other number of equally estimable gentlemen of National reputation. The President, and the President alone, is charged with the duty of maintaining discipline in the army, and the President is responsible to the Nation, not to Congress, for maintaining that discipline in a manner at once just and efficient.

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Insurance Officers Indicted

While it was perfectly proper for the Grand Jury of New York City, in presenting indictments against Mr. George W. Perkins and Mr. Charles S. Fairchild on charges growing out of the Armstrong investigation, to point out that the policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company actually benefited by the transaction in question, and the men indicted did not personally profit by their act, nevertheless the conclusion should not be drawn hastily that for these reasons the illegal transaction was not morally reprehensible and contrary to public interest. If the facts are as stated in the indictments, there would be a fair parallel between this case and that of the executor of an estate who should by false affidavits save the estate from paying tax under a State inheritance law—that is to say, the executor could truly assert that those whose trust he held were financially benefited, and that he made no wrongful gain personally—yet the moral as well as the legal turpitude

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of such an act is perfectly evident. The charges against Mr. Perkins, who was formerly the Vice-President of the New York Life Insurance Company as well as a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and against Mr. Fairchild, formerly President of the New York Security and Trust Company, and at one time Secretary of the United States Treasury, are, in brief, that the New York Life Insurance Company was in danger of being refused permission to carry on business in Prussia because the Prussian authorities insisted as a prerequisite that insurance companies should hold only certain classes of investments. The New York Life held certain securities which did not come within the classification laid down by the Prussian Government. It went through the form of selling the securities in question to the New York Security and Trust Company, which was really subsidiary to the New York Life. On the books of the insurance company the transaction appeared as a sale, but on the books of the subsidiary company the same transaction appeared as a loan. To add to the evidence of subterfuge, it is pointed out that the note on which the supposed loan was based was signed by two totally irresponsible persons, financially speaking, one of whom was a colored employee of low grade. If these facts, which were alleged very plainly in the Armstrong investigation, are as above stated, and unless their significance is more favorably interpreted because of new evidence to be adduced, it seems plain that the officers who carried out the scheme were guilty of violating the laws of New York State for the purpose of obtaining a commercial advantage in Prussia which the company could not otherwise have had, and that therefore there was fraudulent intent within the meaning of the law. Technically, the charge is forgery. It need not be pointed out that an indictment is a very different thing from a conviction; that all accused persons are entitled to a fair and full presentation of their defense before the courts; that the men under indictment have held positions of great prominence in financial circles and have won the confidence of their associates and, in the case of Mr. Fairchild, of the country at large; and that public opinion should await their defense before passing judgment on them.

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From Rodman to President

Four weeks ago the country was shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway; last week Alexander Johnston Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania system, died almost as suddenly, though not by accident. The passing of Mr. Cassatt was possibly more pathetic; whatever its proximate cause, its ultimate cause is believed by many to have been grief at the discovery of graft on the part of certain officials in his own company. For this Mr. Cassatt was not responsible; but the discovery weighed on him as much as if he had been. Such a feeling was natural in one who had fitted himself thoroughly for his life-work. There was no financial necessity for Mr. Cassatt to choose any work; he was born a rich boy; he loved his pleasures quite as much as his books; he could look forward to a life of ease. But an increasing number of rich Americans feel it incumbent upon them to choose a profession and to work at it as hard as though they were poor. Mr. Cassatt was one of these. He chose civil engineering. He was fitted for it at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, and was graduated with honors when but twenty years old. He went to work in the lowest grade of engineering on a little railway line in Georgia, and the first year of the Civil War found him a rodman on the Pennsylvania system. From this position he rose through the various technical and administrative grades until, six years ago, he became President of a great system. No railway service, it is believed, has ever been more efficient. For Mr. Cassatt was not merely technically equipped for his task; with faith in the future, with judgment both sound and swift, he was a signal example of broad-gauge energy. He was the first railway manager to take up the air-brake, to recognize the merits of the tank

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track, and to institute the six-track, long-distance system. Finally, with the courage of a true pioneer, he made his road first, among those that reach the metropolis by ferry, to secure entrance by expensive tunnels under the rivers. That the New York City terminal would involve the expenditure of a hundred million dollars did not check Mr. Cassatt. He borrowed that amount, and much more, for improvements on his road. He has made it, among the railways of the world, the first in value, as it is in diversified commerce. Mr. Cassatt was no ordinary financier, accidentally a railway president. When he thought of the Pennsylvania, he did not think of it as a sponge to be squeezed dry, nor as a property to be used for the benefit of Wall Street first and of its patrons only second. He was one of the most efficient officials the country has yet seen, because he tried to administer a great property for its own benefit and not at all for the benefit of the more or less temporary holders of its stocks and bonds. In his fidelity to this ideal Mr. Cassatt stood out in dramatic contrast to the disquieting spectacle of the financial speculators, not to say buccaneers, in control of certain railways. With these economic and moral ideals, and with an open mind for any suggestion, he had a statesmanlike grasp of the relations between the railways and the Federal Government. He was, if not the first, among the very first, to recognize the necessity of widening the Government's powers under the inter-State commerce clause of the Constitution, and, as a logical consequence, he recognized the right as well as the expediency of co-operation by the railways with the Government. His quiet force was felt to the full in the recent railway reform regulations. Uniting all these qualities, Mr. Cassatt also possessed a strong personal charm, which gave a compelling touch to his influence. It will be hard to fill Mr. Cassatt's place. Meanwhile men in similar positions will do well to study the aims and achievements of a man whose name promises to take historic rank among the constructive forces of an age of great achievements in engineering, administration, and finance.

Sir Mortimer Durand's Retirement

During the past week some silly stories in the daily press in connection with the retirement from his Washington post of Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, have aroused indignation among Sir Mortimer's friends. His diplomacy has been like his personal manner, dignified, simple, straightforward. He has a peculiar charm and worth to those who know him well. A man of wide knowledge and a close student of current events in two hemispheres, his observations have always been keen and incisive. He is also a literary critic of discrimination, as our readers will shortly judge upon the publication in The Outlook of an appreciation of Longfellow which Sir Mortimer has prepared at the request of the editors of The Outlook, in commemoration of the centenary of the poet's birth. In Lenox, Massachusetts, where the Ambassador has spent his summers, he has been held in enthusiastic esteem by all sorts of boys, because he welcomed them to his cricket field and taught them a game in which they quickly became proficient. Sir Mortimer is fond of all outdoor sports, especially of following the hounds and of big game shooting, his life in India having afforded many an opportunity for the latter pursuit. It was appropriate that he should enter the Indian service, as the son of the late Major-General Sir Henry Durand, whose history of the first Afghan War the son was later to edit, as well as to write the biography of his father. After a number of years of training in that service, in 1879, during the Kabul campaign, Sir Mortimer was made secretary to Sir Frederick, now Earl, Roberts. Later he became Foreign Secretary in India, a position which he long held. Towards the end of his term he conducted an expedition to the Amir of Afghanistan. In talking about India, its frontiers, people, government, society, literature, religions, Sir Mortimer conveys a more vivid notion of the problems there than do most English officials, and the world will be the gainer when he decides to put his Oriental reminiscences between covers. From India the Foreign Secretary was transferred as Minister to Per-

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sia, where he remained from 1894 to 1900, a critical period for England's relations with the Middle East. Had his Government followed its envoy's recommendations, its influence might have been intrenched for all time there; instead of that, it has been largely supplanted by Russia. Sir Mortimer wanted England to lend money to Persia on the security of the Gulf ports, a step without precedent. It was not approved by his Government, which was either unwilling or unable to follow his lead. Chagrined later by the results of its failure to follow Sir Mortimer's counsel, the Government promoted him to the Madrid ambassadorship. By this time he had completed a generation of Oriental service, which generally emphasizes any temperamental reticence. This quality, inculcated in the East as a cardinal virtue, had stood Sir Mortimer in good stead there. Nevertheless, in the West, despite a seeming shyness and diffidence, he made many friends, and after three years in Spain was promoted to the Washington embassy. During the three years that have elapsed since then, official and social Washington have learned to appreciate the value to society as well as to diplomacy of the British Ambassador and Lady Durand, people who represent refinement and old-fashioned domestic virtue. Their departure awakens keen regret. It is to be hoped that the rumor of a peerage in reserve for Sir Mortimer may prove true, for his Government owes him some such signal mark for long, loyal, yet independent service.

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The English Situation

The adjournment of Parliament until February has created a lull in the political discussion in England, and has given both sides a chance to sum up the results of the session and to take account of gains and losses. On the whole, the session, under Liberal leadership, has been full of activity and accomplishment. Probably Parliament, with its infusion of labor members, has never kept itself so steadily to its task or taken itself so seriously as a legislative body. It is generally agreed that Mr. Balfour is responsible for the wrecking of the Education Bill; and there are many, apparently even among the members of his own party, who believe that the temporary and technical advantage the Conservatives have gained by throwing out the chief measure of the Liberal Government is of small account as compared with the strong feeling against the Upper House which the rejection of this measure has created. There seems to have been, among many of the best men, a sincere desire to effect a compromise. To this end, it is reported, the King himself worked. The Duke of Devonshire and the Archbishop of Canterbury represent a considerable number of Conservatives who are anxious to avoid a sharp collision. The Prime Minister and the author of the bill were equally desirous of avoiding a collision between the two Houses. But Mr. Balfour, if report is to be trusted, carried the day against the more Conservative peers. The chief measure of the Liberal Ministry was defeated, with the result that a situation of a very serious kind is created for the House of Lords, and that Nonconformist England has been aroused in a very unusual way. Just before the adjournment of Parliament the Prime Minister announced that the Education Bill would be withdrawn, and declared that it was intolerable that the members of an Upper House should be the servant of the Conservative party when that party is in power, but should have it in their power to defeat the will of the country and thwart the policy which the English electorate had approved. He declared that the resources of the Constitution provided a remedy for the evil, and that the Cabinet would carefully consider the best means of preventing the House of Lords from nullifying the labors of the Lower House and defeating the will of the English people. It is reported that the Government will introduce, early in the next session, a purely secular education bill. In case that also is defeated by the Upper House, and all attempts at compromise thwarted, an issue will be created between the two Houses of the sharpest kind; an issue which, as The Outlook has pointed out, may be settled in one of two ways—by appointing a sufficient number of new peers to overcome the

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Conservative majority; by popular agitation against the present constitution, and possibly against the continued existence, of the Upper House, and, if things go to the full length, an appeal to the country on the question whether the House of Lords can longer veto the popular will. If this issue were presented to the country, and the country decided by a great majority against the Lords, and the Upper House refused to recognize the popular decision, the House of Commons might itself, as it has done before, ignore the House of Lords, or resolve that it no longer possesses the veto power. None of these alternatives are likely to be necessary. If the House of Lords remembers, as it probably will, the precedents of its own history, it will make a strenuous fight to the last moment, and when it discovers that the Commons and the people are resolutely against it, it will make the best terms it can by way of compromise.

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The French Weekly Rest Act

Christmastide temporarily suspended the French Sunday-closing conflict, so far as Paris was concerned, for the Prefect decreed that retail shopkeepers be exempted from the obligation of the Act during the festive, busy three weeks of "Noël" and "Nouvel An." It is thought, writes a Paris correspondent of The Outlook, that with the New Year some welcome and seasonable compromise will be found to permit of the fuller application of the well-intentioned legislative effort, and terminate four months of sterile agitation in the retail trades of France. From the same correspondent The Outlook receives the following account of the provisions and working of the law: Passed on July 13, the Act nominally came into force on September 2. Its spirit is tersely and unmistakably indicated in its opening paragraphs, which provide that (1) no workman or employee shall be occupied more than six days per week in a commercial or industrial establishment of any kind; (2) that the weekly rest shall be for twenty-four consecutive hours; (3) that it shall be given on Sunday. It will be noticed that by omitting the word "agricultural" the legislator releases one-half of the population of France (the powerful peasant electorate) from any obligations. It is fair to add that in this class the employers are almost as numerous as the employed. The main idea was to free the comparatively helpless mass of factory and shop workers from a week of uninterrupted labor. That such a rule must necessarily imply numerous exceptions was fully recognized; in fact, the eight lines embodying the principle are followed by eighty lines modifying or limiting its application. When it is proved that simultaneous Sunday rest of the whole staff would be prejudicial to the public or would compromise the normal working of an establishment, certain alternatives are specifically allowed: (1) a week-day holiday to the whole staff; (2) closing from Sunday noon to Monday noon (a long Sunday-closing struggle between Paris grocers and their clerks was settled on this curious basis); (3) Sunday afternoon and a half-holiday during the week by rotation; (4) the whole staff by rotation. A long list of excepted trades (*i.e.*, establishments authorized to adopt any of the above four systems without the Prefect's special sanction) follows: hotels and taverns, hospitals, drug-stores, baths, libraries, journals, means of communication, and trades handling perishable goods generally. Outside these trades exceptions are specifically provided for during the busy seasons prevalent in certain trades, and in other self-evident cases—Government arsenals working under pressure, outdoor callings subject to interruption by the weather, accidents and similar urgent matters.

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The Working of the Act

The weak points of the Act were evidently: (1) a tendency to leave the specific classification of certain trades to the Executive; (2) the omission of the provision of any special staff to insure the application of a measure of very wide scope. It was evidently a tentative text, calculated rather to gratify hopes and direct efforts than to secure prompt and full results. The fines provided for first offenses ($1 to $3 per

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employee) were slight; for repeated offenses ($3.20 to $20) hardly "exemplary." The decree putting the Act into force was merely a document providing that in the case of temporary or permanent exception from Sunday closing the "compensating holiday" should be duly fixed, and posted up in spots accessible to workers or inspectors. Gravest of all, the existing staff of factory inspectors was (over and above its ordinary and sufficient daily task) to insure the respect of the new law in the 825,000 "industrial or commercial establishments" of France. Under such conditions it is obvious that the actual effect of the Act would chiefly depend on the attitude of four classes—the employers, the employed, the police, and the magistracy—and, in cases of insufficiently defined professions, on the municipal councils and prefects, who were locally to study and decide such knotty points. Little difficulty arose in factories and wholesale establishments—the former already familiarized with Government inspection and control, the latter always apt to enjoy easier hours than retailers. The question was (and still is) whether Sunday shopping can be suppressed throughout France. That a loyal effort was made many can bear witness. Trades differed in their application of the letter of the Act, and even in their local preferences. Many classes of shops which could close on Sundays in the wealthier parts of Paris (barbers, etc.), preferred a week day in working-class quarters. Butchers and grocers felt that they must open a few hours on Sunday morning to allow their clients to buy the day's provisions. Compromises were thus frequent, but the tendency to respect the law was general, though not universal. Still, a feeling of uncertainty hung over the whole population. Small shopkeepers, conscientiously closing, saw law-ignoring neighbors summoned, but fined only nominal sums by hesitating magistrates—if, indeed, their cases were not remanded till an executive official had studied some technical issue. A few large central dry-goods houses tested the law frankly by remaining open. Many were closed, not by the authorities, but by the peaceable and dogged obstruction of the crowd of clerks from other establishments, who hung around their doors till business became impossible. The authorities, besieged by conflicting claims—the trade associations appealing for "exceptions," the shopmen's associations (with the moral and often active support of labor unions) demanding that "the law be respected"—temporize and seek a solution which will not alienate some powerful electoral class. So the holiday respite is welcome to all. That the action of the Act will be momentarily minimized there is little doubt. But the principle adopted by the nation's vote remains, to grow up gradually as the French conservative timidity towards change gives place to the second national characteristic—the sentiment of all-round justice and solidarity, which may be temporarily clouded by prejudice, but seldom fails finally to triumph.

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Moroccan Affairs

The United States Senate recently ratified the Algeciras agreement or convention of last April concerning Morocco, but also attached a declaration that the United States has no intention of interfering in European politics. Some Senators declare that this resolution is superfluous; it was apparently rendered necessary by the position of Senator Bacon, of the Committee on Foreign Relations, who was believed to be ready to rally the Democratic vote against the treaty unless such a resolution were adopted. The Foreign Ministers and Parliaments of France, Spain, England, and Germany had already discussed the determination of the two former Powers to send fleets to the Moroccan coast. In the French Parliament, despite the attack of M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister, carried the Chamber of Deputies with him in defending the Government. The Minister announced the note presented that very day to the Ambassadors of the Powers which participated in the international conference at Algeciras. He declared that the Government's aims in despatching a fleet to Morocco were only to carry out the terms of the Algeciras Convention to maintain order in Tangier, the chief

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port in Morocco, and to protect foreigners. The Chamber's confidence in the Government was shown by a majority of over three hundred; it afterwards unanimously ratified the Algeciras agreement. On the same day, in the Spanish Parliament, Señor Perez Caballero, the new Foreign Minister, demanded the immediate ratification of the Algeciras Convention, and assured members that the Government was not supporting any policy of adventure in Morocco. As to England and Germany, their Foreign Secretaries have given assurances of approval of this plan to restore order in Morocco, so long as the action is kept within the terms of the Algeciras Convention. It is fortunate that the diplomats at Algeciras provided a system of international protection for foreigners in Morocco, and of international influence to check the misrule which for centuries has reigned there. While such intervention may be but the prelude to the closing act of the drama of Moorish independence, its independence has been purchased at a price which is an insult to civilization. In the early days of the Christian era Morocco, though mountainous in large part, was one of the world's granaries. There are to-day instead only abandoned and untilled fields, yet their soil rivals in fertility that of our prairie States. The population is given over to lawlessness. All this is due to a long succession of weak and lawless rulers. Though the various Powers have recently sent expeditions to the Sultan at Fez, his capital, any good intentions manifested by the monarch cannot be executed by his own military and civil agents because the whole country is infested with the agents of the pretender to the throne and of other rebel chiefs. The result is a condition of anarchy both for natives and foreigners, and this has impelled France and Spain, as the Powers immediately involved, to take appropriate military action.

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Filling up the Canadian Prairie Provinces

Just before the snow comes the Immigration Department of the Canadian Government at Ottawa takes stock of its year's work. Canada is eager for immigration; its Government spends a large sum of money on immigration propaganda; and from every point of view the stock-taking for the year was satisfactory. It showed that in the season of 1905–6, 189,000 immigrants arrived in the Dominion, as compared with 146,000 during the season of 1904–5. About the same time that these figures are compiled there are also compiled statistics of the harvest laborers carried into the prairie region beyond Winnipeg by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. For the wheat harvest of 1906 the number was 22,850, an increase of 6,500 over the number who went in for the prairie harvest of 1905. Among immigrant and railway officials at Winnipeg it is estimated that forty per cent. of the men who go in as harvesters make their homes in the prairie provinces, and that in the next two or three years a large proportion of them will become homesteaders—will take up quarter-sections of Government land, or purchase land from the railway companies. During the twelve months which ended on the 30th of September, 50,000 homesteaders went into western Canada and possessed themselves of 12,500 square miles of farm land. Winnipeg is the clearing-house for most of this Western immigration; and in these days, when the 250,000,000 acres of wheat land in Canada are being so rapidly peopled by immigrants from Great Britain, from the United States, and from the older provinces of Canada, its position among the larger cities of the North American continent is unique.

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Municipal and Railway Development

In the immigration season Winnipeg has a transient population of from seventeen to twenty thousand; while as a result of the immigration of the last three or four years the city has now reached the hundred thousand class. Other Western cities are increasing in population from the same cause; but of all the Canadian cities Winnipeg is perhaps the best from which to form an idea of what the filling up of the wheat area of the Dominion means in the way of development. In Winni-

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peg the increase in population has been so great that the municipal equipment of the city is in arrears, and extraordinary exertions and large outlays are now being made to bring the water supply, the sewerage system, and the street department up to the needs of the city. Even the railway companies, which are usually supposed to look far ahead, have found themselves behindhand and not quite ready for all the business—passenger and freight—which the rapid development of the prairie country is bringing to them. The new station of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Winnipeg is, as a station, almost as magnificent as Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. It was opened a few months ago, before it was fully complete. It still lacks a train-shed, and, large as it is, it has already been found too small, and the building of an annex is now to go on side by side with the completion of the main station. East of the city of Ottawa there is only a single track of rails; but the handling of the increasing grain crops—for the Canadian West now raises 85,000,000 bushels—has rendered necessary the double-tracking of the four hundred miles of railway which lie between Winnipeg and Fort William, where most of the grain is transferred from cars to steamers for conveyance down the Great Lakes to Canadian and American ports. So far, the Dominion Government has so organized its immigration propaganda as to bring into the country only people intending to settle on the land. Manufacturers have long urged that the Government should help them in recruiting skilled labor for the factories. The Government, however, will not change its policy; and consequently, at the annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Winnipeg, the Association decided to take this work into its own hands and begin at once a propaganda in Great Britain in the interest of the factories and workshops of the Dominion.

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W. T. Grenfell, C.M.G., the Surgeon-Mariner

For the first time, so far as we know, the King of England has given one of the "Birthday Honors" to a man as a reward for heroic missionary work. It is true that the man could hardly be regarded as a conventional missionary; for Dr. Grenfell, who is now a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, fills many offices on the Labrador coast, as readers of The Outlook know. He is a surgeon, master-mariner, a magistrate, an agent of Lloyds in running down rascals who wreck their vessels for the insurance, a manager of a string of co-operative stores, a general opponent of all fraud and oppression, a fighter against the drink evil, which finds peculiarly helpless victims among the fisher-folk, an upholder of all good, and a friend and comrade to everybody who comes in contact with him. He takes his new honor with a characteristic spirit, for he values it, not as a tribute to himself personally, but as a sanction which will give him power in his struggle with unscrupulous traders, heartless dealers in rum, and all sorts of malefactors who find on that coast easy prey and safe quarters. He is now planning to introduce reindeer into that country. These animals will furnish food, clothing, transportation in place of dog-teams, material for manufacture, and consequently new opportunities for industrial development for all the people. Dr. Grenfell has already received several hundred dollars for this purpose. A hundred dollars will purchase and transport a deer. About five thousand dollars will furnish him a herd to begin with. The main part, however, of Dr. Grenfell's work is his bearing of health and strength to the sick and injured by means of medicine, surgery, and nursing. He has charge of four hospitals, and, by means of his hospital ship and his dog-teams, makes his rounds among the sparse and needy population, and everywhere he goes he carries with words, and, better still, by his life, the message of his simple, genuine, and untheological religious faith. Dr. Grenfell is now in this country, where he has many friends. Interest in his work has spread to many places. There is a committee for New England, represented at 14 Beacon Street, Boston, by Miss E. E. White. In New York there is the Grenfell Association, with a Board of Directors composed of representative men, of whom Dr. Henry van

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Dyke is the President; the office of the Secretary of the Grenfell Association is at 287 Fourth Avenue; the Treasurer, Mr. Eugene Delano, 59 Wall Street, receives and acknowledges contributions. The friends of Dr. Grenfell are now planning to form a National organization, so that the support of his work may be unified. Dr. Grenfell is speaking in various cities; his visit will continue until some time in March. On January 15, in the evening, a meeting under the auspices of the Grenfell Association will be held in Carnegie Hall, New York City. Dr. van Dyke will preside, and Dr. Grenfell himself will give an account of his work, or, as he terms it, his "jolly good fun," in Labrador. He is not a martyr in any ordinary sense of the word; and his self-sacrifice is not of the kind that expresses itself in terms of affliction or deprivation. His spirit is that of the soldier who loves the battle. He ought to receive the heartiest and the most persistent kind of support.

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An Experiment in Scientific Christianity

Following quickly upon the report that a Western bishop would revive the mediæval ceremony of unction as a cure for illness, and incidentally as a counter-agent to Christian Science, comes the news of a significant enterprise at Emmanuel Church, Boston. The Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, rector of this parish, is endeavoring to put to humane, religious service the best results of scientific research in the treatment of spiritual and certain physical ailments by psychical means. To launch the project, Dr. J. J. Putnam and Dr. Richard Cabot, of the Harvard Medical School, joined with Dr. Worcester and his colleague, Dr. McComb, in speaking at two Sunday evening meetings in November at the parish rooms. These talks were preliminary to the formation of a class, the members of which may meet the rector and a medical specialist in neurology at the church on a specified week-day from this time forth. The consultations and treatment thus freely offered are, by a careful provision, to interfere in no wise with the work of the patients' own physicians, if they are already under medical care. The purpose is rather to supplement and extend this work. Applicants for aid will receive the advice considered best for their special needs. A library of the most helpful books relating to suggestion and psycho-therapeutics in their more and less simple forms will be generously employed. Such obvious measures as setting the applicants to some unselfish work which shall bring them into healthier relations with their fellow-beings will form an important element in the work. Indeed, this lifting of the sufferer out of himself by the agencies of ambition, affection, and religion was pointed out by Dr. Cabot as one of the most effective means of cure. In this day of growing recognition of the close relation between body and mind it was to be expected that a concrete attempt would be made toward the intelligent yoking of the efforts of those who minister to the parallel needs of mankind. The scientific psychologist and the progressive clergyman can each bring so much to the other that the wonder is that they have stood so long apart. The distinctive note of the movement in Boston is the combination of sound religious teaching with sound scientific theory and practice. Both here and in England, where it has just been learned that a similar pioneer enterprise is on foot, the movement is worth watching. It is modestly and reverently undertaken, with a full realization that experiment alone can test its value.

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University Leadership

Soon after assuming the presidency of Yale, six years ago, Dr. Hadley in various addresses emphasized moral leadership as a proper and desirable function of universities as well as of churches. He gave practical illustration of this idea three years ago in his published lectures on the "Relation Between Freedom and Responsibility." These set forth the ethical basis of democracy, and the present low standard of public ethics as needing correction by the culture of a social conscience in the citizen, rather than by improving social machinery. In his recent lectures before

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the New Yale School of Philanthropy on the "Basis of Public Morals" he has again illustrated the same idea, in a discussion of modern ethical ideals, and the ethics of trade, of corporate management, and of political activity. In these lectures Dr. Hadley fully recognized the fact that there has been a betterment of business practices since the moral anarchy that set in subsequently to the Civil War. "The late insurance scandals," said he, "were a pious regard to the Ten Commandments, compared to the doings of that time in 'Erie.'" But while heroism and altruism remain the ideals of conduct in private life, he found their base opposites still common in business and political life. No legislative devices could be relied on to extirpate them, but only the moralization of the individual conscience by an interest for the common good in the light of common sense. The stress of every lecture was on the pernicious effect of all policies of self-interest, which is seen in the current evils that result wherever private advantage is preferred to fidelity to a public trust. These appear in the gambling and extortion observable when modern trade in its larger forms is perverted from its legitimate end of supplying public needs. They appear when corporations by selfish insistence on legal rights invite legal spoliation. They appear even in the National Legislature when parts of the country "extort constitutional blackmail" for not opposing National interests. The cure is not in new laws, but new minds, rational and unselfish ideals of good. The note of moral leadership has repeatedly come from Yale. Twenty years ago Professor Sumner in a little book declared it time to call out "all the moral reserves" to check the progress of moral decay. More recently Professor Ladd in another book gave warning of a moral crisis impending in the lack of moral energy in the churches. The keynote of President Hadley's inaugural address was fidelity to the moral ideals of democracy and Christianity. Since then he has kept the work of moral invigoration continuously in view by his addresses to the student community, as well as to other audiences. A conspicuous instance was his last baccalaureate, noticed as such by The Outlook at the time. It is hardly disputable that the churches need to do more than they have done in such endeavors to correct the low ideals of commercialism and industrialism. It is a wholesome example that the University sets them for the exercise of the moral leadership that is traditionally and naturally theirs.

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The Pueblo School-House Plan

A new suggestion with regard to the school-house comes to us from Pueblo, Colorado. Its main object is health, but the educational features are by no means lost sight of. It is the application of the group system to educational facilities. Beginning with a central hall or auditorium, the needs of the community are met by the addition of new buildings on either side of this hall from time to time. A whole block is utilized, and the additions are made to meet the requirements of the situation. The number of school-rooms may be made always to meet the demand, which is not the case with a building of many rooms. The many-roomed building is usually ahead or behind the needs of the district; there are vacant rooms intended for future requirements, or crowded rooms waiting for the school board to build. Under the new plan there is less waste room. There is less chance of fire, and in case of fire there is less chance for loss of property or damage by water, and the danger to pupils is reduced to a minimum. Light and ventilation may be obtained from any direction. There are no large hallways to accumulate dirt. There is less work for the janitor, and there is no sweeping of dust and other refuse from one floor down upon another. A recess may be taken out-of-doors at any time without disturbing other classes. There is a greater field for individuality on the part of both teachers and pupils. The view from the ground floor is more attractive to children, being nearer to nature. The artistic possibilities are greater. Those who advocate the Pueblo plan of single-story, detached school buildings ask, "If life, health, and econ-

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omy be worth considering, is there any excuse for still erecting the four, eight, twelve, and sixteen-room buildings except the trouble of getting out of a rut?" The following extracts from letters of teachers in Pueblo who are teaching in one-room buildings will serve to emphasize the practical value of the plan suggested:

Because of its being organized on the family plan, I prefer a cottage school. The teacher is able to take part in all the exercises, not only class exercises, but also games.

Each room can be independent in regard to discipline and recreation without disturbing others, thus giving teacher and pupil more outdoor life and exercise.

Children are less liable to be exposed to contagious diseases when the buildings are separate.

The plan makes it possible for the children to pass outside often for fresh air, rest, and nature study work, painting, or gardening.

Games, exercises, music, and other work can be given without being heard in the other rooms.

It gives better opportunity to study the individual child when you can be with him both in the room and on the grounds.

There is much less nervous strain upon the teacher in accomplishing the same amount of work.

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What France Has Done

From week to week the readers of The Outlook have been informed of all the important phases of the great conflict which for the last four years has been going on in France.

Not since the French Revolution and the establishment of the Third Republic has France taken a step so important for her national life. The magnitude of the event can scarcely be overestimated. Great principles are involved which were long since settled in our own land, and we believe settled rightly and finally. No people are in a better position to judge dispassionately the situation in France than the American people, and none are more interested in knowing what has taken place. The value set upon American public opinion is seen in the efforts which are being made to influence it. France has been charged with persecution, spoliation, and robbery, with the violation of international obligations, with the repudiation of a national debt, with irreligion and blasphemy. How much of this is true? What has France really done? In answering this question some things must be kept clearly in mind.

In the first place, this conflict has not been a battle between Roman Catholics and Protestants. France is a Roman Catholic nation. There are thirty-six Roman Catholics to one Protestant. If Protestants had attempted to carry through this policy, they could have been overwhelmingly outvoted. The Jews likewise are few in number. This has been a battle of Catholics with Catholics. It is partly a battle between Catholics who have left the Church and Catholics who are still in it; it is still more a battle between the Catholic monarchists and the Catholic republicans, between Catholics at Rome and those in France.

Secondly, this question, so far as it has been decided for France, has been decided by the French people through their representatives in parliament. On the other hand, the final Catholic policy has been decided by one man—the Pope at Rome. Again and again the principle involved has been referred to the French people in general elections. In spite of the complications of French politics and the number and tendencies of French parties, the Separation Law has been sustained by overwhelming votes. The Catholics, on the contrary, have been much divided. Speaking generally, the monarchists have opposed the bill; the republicans have sustained it.

A group of twenty-three of the most eminent Catholics in France, among whom were Brunetière, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, and others of equal distinction in letters and law, in a letter over their own signatures, addressed the bishops of France, and, while deprecating the character and spirit of the law, urged the bishops to accept it and to organize under it. The fact that a number of eminent Catholic laymen should venture to influence the bishops in a matter of national importance made them the subjects of violent attack from the ultramontane organs;

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they were dubbed "green cardinals," because so many of the signers were privileged to wear on their coat the green palm of the French Academy. The bishops, however, were not uninfluenced by this appeal. Some of them, like the Archbishop of Rouen, had independently upheld the law. It is probable that in the Assembly of Bishops, by a large majority, a decision was reached in favor of organizing under the new law. Thus if the question for the Catholic Church in France could have been decided by the suffrage of its most distinguished laymen or by that of the bishops, the vote would have been for submission. In France, however, while the affairs of the nation are settled by popular suffrage and by representative government, the affairs of the Church are settled by an appeal to the Pope, who has disregarded the bishops and the law.

A writer in the Catholic World, of New York, describing the situation before the Pope's decision, says: "The lay Catholics of France were then divided into two camps: on the one side there were those who were called 'submissionists,' and on the other the advocates of resistance. The hierarchy and the clergy were equally divided." "So long as the Holy See had made no definite pronouncement concerning the policy which French Catholics ought to adopt, they were very much divided on the question, but unanimity instantly reigned on the day when Pope Pius X. formally indicated a definite policy."

This unanimity is not the unanimity of conviction, but of obedience. It is the unanimity with which soldiers obey a general even when they know he is wrong. A distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church in this country has publicly said that if Leo XIII. had been in the papal chair the deadlock would not have occurred. Another Catholic equally eminent has said that the present Pope knows nothing of international politics, does not understand France, and is guided by a small clique at Rome. It is not alone American Protestants who doubt the wisdom of governing a Church so that the ripest conviction of its most eminent men, both lay and clerical, is set aside by the edict of one man in a foreign land; many French Catholics have left the Church because they cannot be loyal to an authority that does not command their convictions. They refuse to accept the formula of M. Brunetière to obey the Pope in the dark if they cannot obey him in the light. The most pathetic aspect of the religious situation in France is not due to the action of the Government, which has not closed the churches; it is due to the fact that thousands on thousands of Catholics have left the Church because they decline longer to accept its dogmas or its authority. They are orphaned Catholics without a religious home. They cannot be recalled by decrees or anathemas.

Catholics, both regular and nominal, in France may concede the right of the Pope to decree as to vestments and doctrines, and to decide questions that are purely religious; but a majority of the thirty-six millions of Catholics have decided that they will not longer maintain a political alliance with the Pope or recognize in any official way the doctrine of his temporal sovereignty. Under this conviction, France has abolished the Concordat between the Pope and the State.

In doing this has France violated an international obligation? It is not difficult to answer this question both from the standpoint of ethics and of international law. The Concordat was an agreement made between Napoleon I. and the Pope in 1801, with reference to the status of the Catholic Church in France. There is not a clause in it that indicates that it was in the nature of a perpetual contract. Indeed, there is a clause which indicates the contrary. It was provided that if at any time the successor of the First Consul should not be a Catholic, there should be a new agreement.

In refusing to regard the Pope any longer as a foreign potentate, France has taken a step which Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel took for Italy years ago, in spite of Napoleon III. At the last Hague Conference the existence of the Pope as a sovereign was not even recognized. France may well claim that it

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could not recognize the sovereignty of the Pope, because every vestige of it is gone.

Has France repudiated a national debt? Upon what is the accusation based? Upon the assumption that the agreement to pay salaries in the Concordat was to be perpetual. The article of the Concordat reads: "The government assures a proper salary to the bishops and pastors whose dioceses may be included in the rearrangement." There was no contract as to how much should be paid or how long.

It has been said that France has actually done what the State of New York would do if it should seize and hold the property of Trinity Church. France has not assumed to-day in the new law the ownership of any buildings or churches which it has not owned for more than a hundred years under the Concordat. In that document the Pope formally renounced on behalf of the Church the title to the property acquired by the nation in the French Revolution. For instance, the ancient churches such as Notre Dame and the Oratoire, the former a Catholic and the latter a Protestant house of worship, belong to the French Government. For a hundred years France has allowed these religious bodies to use them. The new law does not confiscate them; it simply reaffirms the title to them which was declared in the Concordat. Nor has the State confiscated any church buildings erected since the Concordat and built by the individual offerings of pious Catholics. The law does not raise the question of their title. When there is any doubt on this point, it leaves the decision to the courts.

With reference to other property, real and personal, now held by the Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish churches, it requires that an inventory shall be taken of the same, and that it shall be legally held by associations or trustees formed from the representatives of these bodies. The law reads: "Conforming to the regulations of the general organization of the religious worship of which they propose to assure the exercise." The twenty-three eminent Catholics whose address to the bishops has already been referred to laid great stress upon this; they pointed out that the Pope had "the power to outline what are the general laws of organization for a Catholic association of worship." They completely answered the objection that such an association must be composed only of laymen, the rock of offense to the Pontiff. These eminent Catholics showed conclusively that the object of the law was to prevent non-religious associations from getting possession of the churches; they declare, "We are not hindered by the Law of Separation from believing what we choose, nor from practicing what we believe;" the hierarchy remains intact; "our churches, too, being allowed to remain at the disposition of organized associations and under the direction of the bishops;" and they point out the disastrous results of not organizing under the law.

The asperity of the discussion, and the evident desire of the extreme radicals to affront the dignity of the Pope and the Catholic Church, and even to scoff at religion itself, are greatly to be deplored, as is the violence of a few extremists, both clerical and secular, especially in the taking of inventories, a prudent measure in the law introduced at the demand of the Conservatives. It is to the credit of the great majority of Catholics, however, that they have refused to listen to the appeals of incendiary journals like La Croix; and it is to the credit of the Government that it has demanded, and in most cases secured, moderation on the part of its officials. These are matters incident to the enforcement of the law; they do not affect its underlying principle.

We have shown what France has *not* done. It is not difficult to understand what it *has* done. Omitting all unnecessary and minor details of the law, France has apparently decided:

That the union between Church and State shall be severed; that the Roman Catholic Church shall no longer be a privileged religion; that all sects shall stand on the same footing before the law; that liberty of conscience and freedom of worship shall be guaranteed to all; that the Government will no longer sustain official relations with the Pope;

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that the State will retain the title to the cathedrals and churches that belong to it; that it shall freely place these at the disposition of the different religious bodies; that the property belonging to different sects shall be held by their legal representatives; that no religion shall be salaried or supported by the State; that the reduction of salaries now paid shall be gradual, and that pensions for life may be given conditionally to pastors and priests over forty-five years of age; that the State shall no longer nominate ministers of religion to clerical offices, but they are restored to all their political rights.

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Railway Rate Regulation: The Next Step

The New York Sun publishes a speech by Mr. M. H. Smith, the President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, which, to use his own words, "sounds a pessimistic note." That note is, in brief, that the cost of improving and operating railways is constantly increasing, and that the people are demanding that the railways shall pay larger taxes and shall receive less sums in freight and passenger rates, and that if this process is continued indefinitely, the end must be bankruptcy. The cardinal mistake in this address, as it is with many if not most of the special advocates of the railways, is in the italicized portion of the following sentence: "A law has been enacted giving to a Commission mandatory power to fix rates, *the avowed purpose being to reduce the rates*."

It is a mistake that the avowed purpose of the recent railway rate legislation was to *reduce* rates. Its object was, in some cases, to raise the rates—to some shippers. The objection of the American people to the railway rates was not that they were too high, but that they were unequal. The object of the American people was not to reduce the rates, but to equalize them. We repeat an illustration which we have used before: it would be better for the people of the United States to have a uniform rate of postage of three cents an ounce than to have a general rate of two cents an ounce with a special reduction to a cent and a half to favored buyers. What the American people object to is not high rates, but special privileges. No doubt individuals can be found who complain that railway rates are too high. No doubt in some cases they are too high. But this is not the cause of the popular discontent. Very little has been said by President Roosevelt, who is the author of the railway rate regulation, about the prices being too high. Not much complaint was made on this score in the Congressional debates. The avowed purpose, we repeat, is not to reduce rates, but to equalize rates so that all shippers and all communities shall be treated alike. Public discussion to be of value must be discussion of the real question, not of an imaginary one.

There are two theories on which railway rates may be adjusted. The first is that the railway has something to sell, namely transportation, and that it may properly sell this transportation for the best price it can get, as a farmer does his apples, or a butcher his meat. The other theory is that transportation is not a piece of private property to be sold, but a public service to be rendered, and that freight charges are not a price paid by a customer for a thing purchased, but a toll paid by a trader for the use of a special kind of public highway. On the first theory the owner charges for the transportation which he has to sell whatever he thinks he can get for it—in other words, he charges all that the traffic will bear. On the second theory the toll is fixed by the State on equal terms to all who use the road, and this rate ought to be so adjusted as to pay a fair interest to those whose capital is invested in the road and a fair compensation to those who operate it, and no more. In old days we had turnpikes in some of our States and a toll-gate at either end. Our railways have been operated on the theory that the toll-gate keeper may charge any man who comes along whatever he can get out of him. The people demand that the toll be fixed by law, be charged on equal terms to all who use the turnpike, and be just alike

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to the traveler and the turnpike company. Some of our ablest railway officials recognize this distinction and accept the latter theory. The sooner all railway officials accept it, the farther we shall be on the road to a final settlement of the somewhat difficult question, On what principles shall we determine what rates are just and equal to the railways, to the shippers, and to the various communities?

All that we have done so far is to give the Inter-State Commerce Commission power, on complaint that particular charges are unjust and unequal, to order them made just and equal. This is a good first step, but not a final one. What we next want is an official recognition by law that freight charges are a turnpike toll, and a conference by representatives of the people appointed by the Government, and representatives of those railways only that accept that principle, in an endeavor to settle upon certain general principles to be universally applied by the Government in determining what the tolls should be.

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The Discomforts of New York

Americans have still a great deal to learn in the application of ideas and intelligence to the government of cities. Our notions on this subject have been largely rudimentary; we have treated cities as if they were mere aggregations of houses instead of vital organizations of community life, with a unity which can be expressed in legislation, in building, in the direction of affairs. We have thought of the government of cities as a kind of minor politics, involving the filling of offices, plans for raising money, collecting taxes, and gaining ground for the party. In Europe, as Americans have come to understand, many cities are studied as a whole and treated as unities, from the regulative, the administrative, the educational, and the æsthetic side; and to this point of view Americans are coming as rapidly as their preoccupations and prejudices will permit.

New York is becoming every year a more interesting place to live in; its cosmopolitan character increases and more sharply defines itself from decade to decade. Those who suppose that it is simply a business community know very little about it. Its life is many-sided; and the vast number of different peoples included within its boundaries present problems of the deepest interest. It is not, however, a comfortable city to live in; it is distinctly uncomfortable. In the rudimentary conception of the management of cities which has prevailed, small place was made for comfort; but comfort holds a great place in the life of any highly civilized community, and the success of the management of a city is very largely measured by the comfort in which its people live. The discomfort of living in New York is due to a considerable extent to its conformation, to lack of means and methods of transportation from point to point. At certain hours in the day every vehicle that runs on wheels and is open to the public, above or below ground, is crowded, not only beyond all comfort, but well beyond the line of decency. The scenes which take place, not only at the Brooklyn Bridge, but often at the stations of the Subway, are fast breeding a kind of savagery which will give the city in the end a very unenviable reputation. The logical outcome of the present tendency would be a free fight at the entrance to the platform of every car, and the opportunity of getting aboard to those who survive in the struggle. Women especially are subjected to familiarities which no woman, decent or otherwise, ought to bear, and the men who are eager to protect them are helpless under the pressure of the merciless horde which fights its way to a car platform. Public sentiment will do something when it is aroused; but final relief cannot come until the means of transportation are multiplied. In the meantime, and perhaps for all time in view of the conformation of New York and the fact that such a host of people are anxious to go in the same direction at the same time, the city needs to create a strong sentiment imposing restraint, patience, and courtesy on its citizens.

In many instances the trouble is due to the lack of application of ideas to the

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situation. It is very hard, for instance, for a layman to understand why the provisions for transporting people across New York are so hopelessly inadequate. At the foot of West Twenty-third Street four large railways have their city terminals and pour in every day an army of men and women. To distribute this army over the city there is a single railway through Twenty-third Street. Between four and six o'clock in the evening the accommodations for passengers who wish to go to the ferries at the foot of West Twenty-third Street are hopelessly inadequate; and in the morning, from eight to ten, when the army of commuters and shoppers come in from the various roads across the Hudson River, they swarm around the insufficient cars like bees around a hive. The disproportion between these commuters and travelers and the means of carrying them would be ridiculous if it were not exasperating. There ought to be a conference of the passenger agents of the four railways that have terminals in West Twenty-third Street and the managers of the Twenty-third Street electric car line to provide for a proper distribution of the multitude that is landed there every day and is often obliged to wait in the bitter winds of winter until a number of cars have passed before it is possible to obtain even foot-room. To the lay mind the construction of some kind of a loop at West Twenty-third Street would seem imperative, or the building of parallel lines through Twenty-second or Twenty-fourth Streets. Under any circumstances, the number of cars in use during the rush hours ought to be very largely increased.

Another source of discomfort in New York is the multitude of unnecessary noises. The daily life of a modern city cannot be conducted without a great deal of noise, but probably two-thirds of the most irritating sounds that pierce the ears of residents of New York are unnecessary. Mrs. Rice, who has organized the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, is in the way of rendering the public a great service if she succeeds in carrying out the work which she has planned. She has interested a number of the most prominent men of the metropolis, and proposes, in the first place, to secure relief for the hospitals. She calls attention to the fact that the street-car company that operates a line of cars passing St. Vincent's Hospital on Seventh Avenue agreed, at the time of securing its franchise, that no bells should be rung in front of the building, and she asks very pertinently why the same rule cannot be enforced in the neighborhood of other hospitals. She hopes to secure the co-operation of automobile clubs in order that, in passing the hospitals, noises may be avoided. She intends to ask that a policeman be assigned on every block on which there is a hospital. Several physicians in different hospitals who have been consulted are agreed that street noises in the neighborhood of these institutions are a serious menace to the well-being of patients, and one of them expressed the opinion that two patients in the hospital with which he is connected became insane during the year owing, partly, to the constant noises prevailing about the building. If Mrs. Rice is able to effect, even in part, what she has in mind, she will render a very important service not only to the hospitals but to residents of New York, and the movement may lead the way to a marked diminution of one of the most uncomfortable concomitants of city residence. It is high time to study the possibilities of diminishing the discomforts of living in one of the most interesting cities of America.

During the last few months residents of New York have endured the discomforts of traveling across the Desert of Sahara or over the alkali plains of Montana without securing novelty of surroundings or unusual scenery. Not in the memory of this generation have the streets of the city been in such a deplorable condition. In wet weather the mud in many places is inches deep; in dry and windy weather the streets are filled with clouds of dust. The condition is deplorable; and unless circumstances exist which are unknown to the public, it is unpardonable. What has happened to the street-cleaning department? has it gone into the hands of a receiver? It is giving New York the reputation of being the dirtiest city in America. Not many years ago, under

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the leadership of Colonel Waring, it was one of the cleanest cities in the world.

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Self-Condemned

Last week a number of well-known men in New York assured the Secretary of State by letter of their conviction that for any measure he might adopt in order to give the European Powers the moral support of the United States in "any undertaking to secure conditions in the Congo that will not disgrace civilization," he would have their "earnest and urgent approval." The signers of this letter pointed to the fact that over a year has passed "since the report of the Commission chosen by the Chief Executive and virtual owner of the Congo to investigate conditions in that State was published," and that those Commissioners "felt constrained to report the existence of measures and practices of flagrant inhumanity." In view of the repeated assertions that the criticism of the Congo Government is based upon the tales of prejudiced missionaries and superficial travelers, it is important to remember that there is no occasion for looking any further for an indictment of the Congo Government than the report of these Commissioners. From that report were selected seven points for specific mention. One needs only to turn to that report to see how well established are those seven statements made by the writers of the letter. We here quote those seven points, and under each point certain portions of the report which substantiate the statement. We shall use the English translation of the report, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "The Congo: A Report of the Commission of Inquiry." The numbers in parentheses refer to the pages of this edition. Readers of The Outlook who wish to follow this matter further will find these references useful. The measures and practices which the writers of this letter note are as follows:

The first point in this letter is, "The exaction of a labor tax so oppressive that many natives on whom it falls have little, if any, freedom." The Commissioners remark (p. 30) that "a labor tax, as in the case of all taxes, should absorb only a small portion of the activities of the individuals; it ought to supply simply the needs of the government, be in relation to the benefits which the contributors receive therefrom; it ought finally, as we propose, be in harmony as far as possible with the principle of individual liberty, and we believe that within these limits it cannot be criticised." By decree of the King-Sovereign (p. 37) the total amount of the labor tax "cannot exceed during any one month forty hours of actual labor." As a matter of fact, however, what do we find? In the first place (p. 39), it is not labor but produce that is exacted, and so great an amount of produce that in some cases the native has little or no time for anything but the toil of gathering it and conveying it to his taskmasters. Thus, concerning the collection of *chikwangue* (p. 46, 47, 48):

> All of the witnesses who were heard by the Commission on this subject were unanimous in criticising the large amount that was imposed upon the women of certain villages, the continuity of the imposition, and the long journeys that had to be made. . . . The worst feature of this imposition is its continuity. As the *chikwangue* can be preserved only a few days, the native, even by doubling his activities, cannot at one time discharge his obligation extending over a long period. The imposition . . . becomes a sort of obligatory labor, since there is ever before the native the thought of delivery that must soon be made. . . . It is inadmissible that he should be obliged to travel 150 kilometers [over ninety miles] to bring to the place of delivery a tax which represents a value of about one franc and a half [about thirty cents]. . . . Following the rule that we have observed in vogue, the labor is thrown upon the weaker members of the family, so that it is the women, children, and domestic slaves who are forced to be the agencies of transport. This peculiarity, instead of attenuating the bad features of the system, rather increases them. For it is these who form the industrious element of the village, and if a great part of their time is taken up by the exigencies of the impost and procuring the means for their own subsistence, they have not, however great may be their desire, a chance to perform other labor; hence the abandonment of native industries and impoverishment of villages.

So the report gives a similar picture of wretched conditions as a result of forced labor for porterage (p. 57 seq.):

> Without doubt the form of impressed labor that weighs most heavily upon the natives is the service as porters. . . . Caravans

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of native porters could be seen in a constant stream carrying upon their heads innumerable articles that were impatiently awaited by the whites on the upper reaches of the Congo. . . . The caravan route where black and white, united in the same effort, had paid such a heavy tribute to fatigue and fever, the dark pathway holding in its keeping so many lifeless bodies, has been invaded by the plants and trees of the forest. In two days the trains now go from Matadi to Leopoldville and from the Pool to the lower river; the natives are born again to a new life. . . . But for every route which has disappeared, many others have been called into existence as the new regions have been opened up by the State.

The practical slavery of the native who is forced to gather rubber is thus described by the Commissioners (p. 63):

In the majority of cases he must make a journey every fortnight which takes two or three days, sometimes more, in order to reach that part of the forest where he can find in sufficient quantities the rubber vines. There, for a certain number of days, he leads an uncomfortable existence. He must construct for himself a temporary shelter; . . . he does not have the food to which he is accustomed; . . . he is . . . exposed . . . to the attacks of wild beasts. He must carry what he has gathered to the State post or to the company, and not until then does he return to his village, where he can tarry only two or three days before the time for the next delivery is close at hand. . . . The native . . . sees the greater part of his time taken up in the gathering of rubber.

The second point in the letter is the "Appropriation of land to such an extent that the natives are practically prisoners within their own territory."

The Commissioners explain that the State has ordained that to it belong all vacant lands, which means (p. 19) all the land except "those parts of the territory that are included within their [the natives'] villages or under their cultivation." The Commissioners continue (p. 19 seq.):

As the greater part of the land in the Congo has never been under cultivation, this interpretation gives to the State a proprietary right, absolute and exclusive, to almost all the land, and as a consequence it can grant to itself all the product of the soil and prosecute as robbers those who gather the smallest fruit and as accomplices those who buy the same. . . . It thus happens sometimes that not only have the natives been prohibited from moving their villages, but they have been refused permission to go, even for a time, to a neighboring village without a special permit.

Though the Commissioners hasten to add that agents have not rigidly enforced the law, they acknowledge that it *is* "the incontrovertible law," and they point out elsewhere (pp. 21 and 24) that it practically prevents the natives from profiting by the natural resources of the country, and from engaging in any trade.

The third point in the letter is "The employment under the authority of the Government as sentries of cruel, brutish blacks, chosen from hostile tribes, who murder, pillage, and rape the people for whose protection the Government is avowedly established."

These words of the Commissioners are sufficient to indicate the conditions of which the details would be too revolting to include even in their report (p. 71):

According to these witnesses, these auxiliaries, especially those who are detailed to the villages, abuse the authority committed to them, transform themselves into despots, demanding wives, food not only for themselves but also for a retinue of parasites and vagrants who, drawn by a love for rapine, become their associates and form a sort of bodyguard; they kill without pity those who make the least show of resistance to complying with their demands or caprice. . . . It is not possible for us to say, even approximately, how many abuses these sentries have committed. Several chiefs in the Baringa region brought to us a bunch of sticks, each one of which was said to represent a subject killed by the capitas [the less offensive of the two classes of sentries]. One of them declared that in his village one hundred and twenty had been killed during the past years. . . . None of the agents who testified before the Commission, or were present at the sessions, made any attempt to refute the charges against the sentries.

The fourth point in the letter is "The abuse of the natives by white representatives of officially recognized companies."

These are some of the things the Commissioners have to say on the subject (pp. 66, 67, 69, 144–5, 110):

In the absence of a specific law and precise instruction upon the subject, the agents charged with the exercise of coercion, applying the principle of solidarity which exists among those who are the subjects of the same chief, often trouble themselves but little to seek out the real culprit. The prestations were due from the village as a whole; when they were not forthcoming the chiefs were arrested and some of the inhabitants taken at random, often the women were held as hostages . . . . At the different posts in the Abir which we visited it was never denied

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that the imprisonment of women as hostages, the imposition of servile work on chiefs, the administration of the lash to delinquents, and the abuse of authority by the black overseers, were, as a rule, habitual. . . . The punishment most frequently used is the lash (chicotte). . . . The regulations fix fifty strokes as the maximum, and the convict cannot receive more than twenty-five in any one day. . . . Private parties, and notably the agents of the commercial companies, are not permitted to use the lash on their black employees. In spite of the restrictions imposed by law upon the use of the chicotte, it is often abused, either in resorting too frequently for slight offenses or in exceeding the limits prescribed. . . . Still it is undeniable that the chiefs of stations are led to violate the provisions by the desire to inflict a punishment that will serve as an example. . . . These companies have done nothing in the interests of the natives nor improved the conditions in the regions occupied.

The fifth point in the letter is "The binding of little children to years of labor at uncertain wages by contracts they do not understand, and, even more serious, maltreatment of children supposedly under the immediate care of the Government."

This is a part of what the Commissioners say on this subject (pp. 141, 142):

The unfortunate features of long engagements are especially noticeable in the case of children. It happens that the District Commissioners employ, particularly for the fields, children of seven and eight years who are bound for a period of several years by a contract whose provisions they probably do not thoroughly understand. . . . The average life of the native is much shorter than that of the white man. So that the term, which at the time of making the contract is not fully appreciated, will consume the greater part of his life. . . . It often happens that after a very short time the intrinsic value of the wage specified in the contract is not the same.

The Commissioners also (p. 122) call attention to the fact that the State itself often takes the children from their relatives—their natural protectors—and puts them into educational colonies in order to make out of them "excellent servants, good soldiers, and workmen of all sorts;" and has thus been "forced to endure the reproach of 'recruiting,' under the guise of assistance, but against the wishes of those interested, the young people destined to fill the ranks of its constabulary." Later (pp. 125–129) the Commissioners refer to the abuse of children in the missions which have accepted the authority of caring for certain children who have come under the guardianship of the State.

The sixth point in the letter is the "Great injustice in the administration of the courts, so that the natives dread the name of Boma, the place where the judicial system is centralized."

The Commissioners say (pp. 150–151):

Administrative agents . . . cannot . . . acquire a profound knowledge of the laws of the land. . . . It has therefore been found desirable to refer the most important civil and penal cases to the Boma court for trial. . . . But these long journeys are especially prejudicial to the blacks. It is a sad fact, verified by observation, the judges told us, that a large number of blacks who come down from the Upper Congo as witnesses never see again their native villages, but die during the trip they are forced to make. . . . The number of those who die has created a great impression upon the natives. The simple word "Boma" frightens them.

The seventh point in the letter is "The sending out of punitive expeditions, not for the purpose of establishing peace and order, but for the purpose of terrifying the natives into paying a tax which, as administered, even the Commissioners regard as inhuman."

Contrary to the law, companies send out such expeditions. This fact the Commissioners (pp. 96–98) say is established by documents and judicial reports as well as the reports of the commercial agents themselves. This is what the Commissioners have to say with regard to punitive expeditions:

During these irregular operations the greatest abuses have been committed; men have been killed as well as women and children, often even when they were fleeing; others have been made prisoners and the wives taken as hostages. . . . The Government has, in fact, placed upon certain concessions a police force charged with the protection and supervision of the territory which is directly under the authority of the District Commissioner. The directors of the companies may summons them directly in case of extreme need. From what we could see it seems that these troops are devoted to the directors and agents, who call upon them every time the pecuniary interests of the company are involved.

This is but a fraction of what the King's own Commission have to say about the King's own government of the territory which has been given to him

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in trust. We wonder how long it will be before King Leopold will stop talking about the testimony of prejudiced missionaries and superficial travelers, how long before Belgium will stop debating and either accept or decline responsibility, how long before the people of America and of Europe will insist that their Governments interpose between their wards of the Congo and the rapacious guardians who are now over them.

❀

The Spectator

It seems a thousand pities to the Spectator that the impression should be so widespread that New York is all given over to the mammon of haste and greed; that the very conditions of its life necessitate restless striving; that it knows no contemplation. On the contrary, what better conditions of repose can there be than a great sustaining sea of life and purposeful activity on which one may launch one's little bark, secure from molestation? That is the theory of the thing. Now, theory does all very well, but experience does better. And, luckily for the Spectator, it happened that, when he sallied forth to buy a new pad on which to transcribe his theory, he found experience. He will therefore let the theory go, and tell the little story.

❀

It was the tiniest shop imaginable, just off Broadway, on one of the side streets. The rush of the great thoroughfare, in its high noontide acceleration, was bewildering. Dodging people and horses and vehicles and rabbit-women and peanut-men and a dozen distractions else, the Spectator had worked his way along, watching for a stationer's sign, but watching so many other things too that very likely he passed half a dozen abodes of pads and bottles of ink. Finally he pulled himself up. If he was to find that pad! He looked about him, and, not fifteen paces away, he saw a modest sign: "Pens. Ink. Paper. Elastic Bands. All Stationers' Supplies." So then he spun away out of the vortex, descended a narrow flight of steps, and opened a dusty door. It was almost more than the Spectator could do not to say, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" as he stood on the threshold of that little room. He had entered with all the contagion of the street's haste upon him, brusquely perhaps, and imperatively, his purse already half open to make his purchase and be gone. He was greeted with—pause and silence. A gray cat sat dozing upon the counter, her paws tucked neatly into her breast. An old man sat dozing beneath the window, a newspaper on his knee. On shelves along one side of the wall the advertised articles were arranged—piles of writing-pads, bottles of ink, a few books in a dusty row, some boxes of note-paper. But there was no sign of a customer, except the startled, arrested Spectator, and so little evident habit of one that neither the old man nor the cat stirred at the sudden entrance.

❀

A curtain at the end of the room lifted, and a woman came forward. She was evidently the wife of the man, some few years younger, but gray-haired, too, very portly and serene.

"They're both deaf," she answered the Spectator's mute appeal. "You can speak out. Did you want anything?"

"I, oh, yes—" the Spectator stammered. He had forgotten what he did want, in his sudden revulsion of mood, his surprising shock of silence. "I should like a writing-pad, if you please."

"Yes. Well, if you will sit down here, I'll show you what we have."

It was going to be a pondered transaction, seriously and thoroughly done, that was evident. The Spectator settled himself on his stool to summon his best judgment. From one shelf and another the pads came down—thick pads, thin pads, ruled, unruled, glazed, rough—and he viewed them gravely.

"How about those?" he inquired at length, pointing to a pile yet untouched, on one end of the lower shelf.

"But those"—the answer came at once, with no doubt of its finality—"those cost ten cents."

The Spectator rose magnificently.

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The comment was too obvious on his personal appearance.

"I will take six," he said.

❀

But the process of doing up his purchase gave him time to recover from his resentment. Little by little, he relapsed to his stool, leaned his elbow on the counter, and watched in a dreamy content. It was inconceivable that in New York, not fifteen paces from Broadway, a shop's supply of wrapping-paper should be kept folded up in a drawer and its string, more or less tangled, in a worsted bag.

"You're tired, sir," the good woman said, as she folded and tied, and began a search for the scissors.

"Yes; well," the Spectator admitted, moved to a sudden frankness which was the rebound of his late irritation, "I'm just back from the country, not used to the city yet."

It was a commonplace statement enough, but it touched a spring in the woman's mind. She laid aside the scissors, unused.

"You find it's peacefuller, then, in the country than in the city?" she asked, a little anxiously.

The Spectator thought of the theory which he had been fain to elaborate on one of his expensive new pads, and answered with interest, "No, not always." Then, involuntarily, "Why?"

❀

The woman sat down on a stool on her side of the counter. This seemed the most natural thing in the world, as if the bond between shopkeeper and customer was, in its nature, a social bond, conducive of conversation. The old man beneath the window stirred and settled himself more comfortably in his leather chair. The cat opened two large grave eyes, then went to sleep again. It was strange how the roar of Broadway without seemed but the accompaniment, the extraneous environment, of the central hush and calm of this shop where alone reality reigned.

"I guess maybe you're young yet," the woman affirmed, wfth a kindly, tolerant smile, "to care about peacefulness."

The Spectator assured her—though somewhat flattered withal—that such was not the case.

"Well, you ought to be, then," she rebuked him. "Jim and I was when we were your age. We kept a grocery-shop, and we were regular hustlers. Making money hand over fist. I tell you, those were days! In the shop every morning at six o'clock, never out of it till nine. Keeping up with all the new foods, all the whims and fancies. We made money; but 'twasn't living, 'twasn't living at all."

❀

The Spectator nodded his head. Not that he had ever kept a grocery-shop, or made any money, to be sure; but he had done other things enough to know the bane of over-action.

"I guess a person has to go sort of slow to know he's himself at all," the quiet voice went on. "I might have died just as well as not, in them days when I was hurrying so, and never have known the difference." A trenchant way of putting the case, which appears constantly the better, the more one considers it.

"I don't know as it's selfish, or unselfish, or what, to want quietness; but I guess it's natural after a while. Jim and I was just tired to death after fifteen or twenty years. It seemed to us as if we was just driving our lives on ahead of us and never catching up with them to see what they was like. I suppose it's very important that folks should have tea and breakfast foods; but Jim and I thought it was important, too, that we should live a little before it was too late. It's rather a serious matter, you know; for if a person don't get a good hold on his life while he has it here on the earth, what under the sun is he going to hang onto when he gets flung out into space?"

The Spectator caught his breath dizzily. True; what, in heaven's name?

"Of course we said we'd have a house in the country; all tired folks say that. I do just wonder who's first to blame for that idea that every one has, that a country life means peace. He's got a good deal to answer for; Jim and I can tell him that. We bought a place

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up in Connecticut, way off by itself, in a lonesome valley—the lonesomer the better, we thought, and we went there to live. Well—"

❀

The quiet voice broke off suddenly, while the portly form shook with chuckles of mirth, so that the gray cat stirred a little and stretched out one sleepy paw.

"I wish you could have seen Jim and me stranded on that farm! I never knew anything so funny, half pitiful, too, though it was. All them plans and hopes, all them expectations, all that happiness—and then! You needn't ask me what was the matter. 'Twould be shorter if I was to ask you what could help being the matter. I honestly haven't the least idea what people mean by talking about the simple life in the country. In order to do any one thing, you've got to do twenty-five other things first—if you call that being simple! However, that wasn't the worst difficulty. We had caught up with our lives now, sure enough. There they were, turning around on us, coming and sitting down in the parlor, and staring at us, and saying, 'Well?' That was just it: well? What was we going to do about it, now we'd found quietness?

"Only, of course, as a matter of fact, we hadn't found quietness. Quietness seems to be something inside you; it don't have nothing to do with woods and farm-houses. My feelings made more noise them days than a whole elevated road. We felt as if we was broken off, and didn't belong anywhere any more. The world went on without us.

❀

"We stood it just a year and a half. Yes, we stood it as long as that, because it didn't seem hardly decent to whop right around and go back on so many plans. We was pretty ashamed and disappointed, as we sat and talked on them winter evenings, with the snow-storms howling around us like mad. We had run away from New York to be quiet, and now New York seemed the quietest place in the whole wide world. Quietness—"

The good woman paused, caught in the throes of philosophy.

"Quietness comes from a lot of doing all taken together, I guess. Maybe no person alone can have it. It's like a river. The more water there is, the stiller every drop rolls along, and it's only the little brook that makes such a fuss and chatter."

Again there was a spacious pause. The Spectator tickled the head of the cat thoughtfully with his finger.

"They say," his hostess pondered aloud, "that God's the quietest thing there is. Well, then, I guess it's just because he has all the lives there ever was bound up in himself."

She cast philosophy to the winds, and returned to experience.

"We sold the farm and came back to the city, and bought this little shop. And now—well, I tell you, sir—"

A slow, contented light welled up in the placid eyes as they made the loving circuit of the little room.

"We're quiet now," she concluded.

There was really nothing more to be said. The Spectator understood that, and rose reluctantly.

"I wish I had a little shop," he observed involuntarily, as he tucked his package under his arm—his extravagant package!

"Oh, no, sir, not yet!" his hostess replied. And she shook her head at him.

❀

The rushing streets sang a brave song in the Spectator's ears as he made his way home that morning. Fullness of life and fullness of being, and therefore, under their noise of much doing, fullness of uttermost peace. For peace is what life is founded on, what life aspires to. And the proof of the wide beatitude of the common quest after quietness lies in the simple tale of this woman, who, searching for her soul's ultimate treasure, found it, not in seclusion and distance, but at the heart of the world.

Now, when the Spectator is tired, he leans back on the great city around him, and the million hands of his fellow-men lift him surely into peace.

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THE PROBLEM OF ENORMOUS FORTUNES

A DISCUSSION OF THE REMEDY INVOLVED IN THE PROPOSED ENACTMENT BY CONGRESS OF A PROGRESSIVE TAX ON INHERITANCES

BY PHILIP S. POST, JR.

YEARS ago travelers passing through the mountains of New Mexico saw from the car windows painted on a boulder in huge letters the words, "LIMIT WEALTH." Like the religious mottoes which in some parts of the country, blazoned on the roadside, tell the wayfarer to "Prepare to Meet Thy God," and warn him that "Death is Sure," so this inscription flashed into the eye of the passer-by some man's conviction that a limit would yet be placed upon individual wealth. No one seemed to know the painter. Few bothered themselves to fathom his meaning. Was he crank or prophet?

On April 14, 1906, in a speech at Washington, President Roosevelt startled the country by declaring:

> It is important to this people to grapple with the problem of enormous fortunes. . . . I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of the progressive inheritance tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual.

Notwithstanding the laconic comment of a distinguished Senator who characterized the suggestion as "rank Socialism," the President has, in his annual Message, renewed his advocacy of this system of taxation. "The problem of enormous fortunes" is thus officially recognized. The handwriting on the rocks has found an interpreter at the seat of power.

Taxes on inheritances, or succession taxes, are by no means uncommon. They are found in the Roman law, and they were adopted in England in 1780. Nearly all the countries of Europe have some system of "death duties." As early as 1797 Congress imposed a legacy tax, and a similar Federal tax was put into force during the war periods of 1862 and 1898. Pennsylvania enacted such a law in 1826, and such taxes now exist in many States. The rates imposed by these laws are moderate. Bequests to lineal descendants are in several States taxed one per cent., while a higher rate is imposed on gifts to collateral relatives and to strangers in blood. Bequests to charity and education are generally exempt.

These State taxes have been enacted as revenue measures. The proposed Federal tax is advocated, not primarily for revenue, but to accomplish a sociological and economic result. It introduces into our revenue legislation the principle that a tax may be imposed, not alone for fiscal purposes, but with the definite object of dispersing property accumulated in the hands of a single owner.

The fact that this question may soon become the subject of Congressional debate suggests a review of the arguments advanced against and for this system of imposts. The scope of the controversy and its fundamental character are revealed at the outset when it is found that the critics of the tax—and they have been able and vigorous—take their stand upon what are alleged to be certain "natural rights."

The first contention is that the principle of the inheritance tax destroys an essential and inherent quality in the nature of private property; that the right of disposition is an incident of property, and includes the power to transmit

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property by descent or devise; that the State has no just power to take property from the private owner except as needed for governmental revenue; that when so taken, it is justifiable taxation; that when taken under the guise of taxation, but for the purpose of limiting the amount which may pass by descent or by will, then taxation has ceased and confiscation has begun.

It is contended that inheritance is one of the great natural and elemental rights; that, while not expressed in our Constitution, it is "a right born with our very institutions, a right which does not need to be expressed;" and it is argued that if the State may lawfully place a tax upon legacies and devises, it follows that the State has unlimited power over the property of deceased persons and "may, without any breach of natural law or denial of fundamental rights, take to itself all property."

It is protested that this is a "monstrous doctrine;" that its application would have a most baneful effect upon civilized communities; that the family relation would be severed; that whatever bond or duty the expectancy of property places on the child would be broken; that the motive for parents to accumulate would be gone; that thrift and industry would be paralyzed; that men will not work to gather property if it has no family perpetuation; that the universal rule of the community would be, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Thus the tax has been styled "an infamous measure of taxation," "a penalty on death," "stealing from the estate by legislative authority," "an outrage that can find precedent only in Oriental autocratic governments."

It has been eloquently argued that American society is founded upon the American home, in which the father is both the protector of and the provider for the family; that it is his right and duty to make provision for his widow and children; that our social organization is built upon the idea that a man's children and kin shall take that which he has accumulated; and that, if this principle of the succession tax be accepted, the State has a right, if it sees fit, to step into every home desolated by death and take from wife and children every dollar of property, not even leaving the heirlooms and the homestead hallowed by family associations.

It is not claimed that such drastic laws would in any human probability be enacted, but it is insisted that this arbitrary power over inheritances ought not to be countenanced; that the evil lies in the acknowledgment of the power; that, once recognized, there is no protection against improvident and communistic legislation. It is asked whether it is possible, after all the care shown in centuries of Anglo-Saxon legislation in the effort to protect private property and individual rights, that the only thing which now stands between this country and an absolute state of Socialism is the passage of a law destroying the right of inheritance, a law which might be passed by a chance legislature carried into power upon the wave of some sudden and sporadic popular feeling.

It has been declared by no less an authority than Benjamin Harrison that the principle of the inheritance tax destroys the very foundations upon which our institutions rest. In his argument of the Illinois inheritance tax case—the last argument made by him before the Supreme Court of the United States—the ex-President pictured with solemnity and earnestness his view of the injustice and viciousness of this form of taxation:

> From the dawn of history, in the earliest records, both these rights existed, the testamentary right and the right of inheritance. . . . These great natural and fundamental rights are both recognized; and though neither of them is written out on tablets of stone, they are both engraved on the fleshy tablets of every man's heart. . . . The statute of descents, as the courts have again and again said, is the expression of the legislature upon its conscience and duty as to what is the natural law—as to what should be the natural intention and desire of a testator. . . . The family relation and property rights have been built up and stand upon these two great natural rights. The legislature does not give them, it defines them. When they cease to be recognized as natural and fundamental rights, we shall have dissolved the basis upon which our society rests.

In the face of President Harrison's impressive plea, and of consequences as serious as these which have been predicted, it is evident that clear proof must

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be offered to convince the public mind of America of the necessity, justice, and wisdom of a Federal inheritance tax. What are the arguments in its favor?

First. There is no "natural right of inheritance." The right to dispose of property by will or receive property by descent is not an inherent quality of private property. These rights are the creatures of human law. Without the aid of statutes, the right of property dies with the owner. The State has the unrestricted right to control and restrict the disposition of the property left by a deceased person within its jurisdiction. As was said by Chief Justice Taney, "If a State may deny the privilege [of inheritance] altogether, it follows that when it grants it, it may annex to the grant any conditions which it supposes to be required by its interests or its policy."[1] In the eye of the law, all rights of inheritance depend upon express legislative enactment. "The right to take property by devise or descent is the creature of the law and not a natural right—a privilege, and therefore the authority which confers it may impose conditions upon it."[2]

Second. Since inheritance is not a right, but a privilege granted by the State, it follows that a succession tax is not a tax on property, but on the succession; in other words, on the privilege of receiving property by will or by descent. In this aspect it is eminently proper that the beneficiary should pay for the privilege which he can enjoy only by virtue of the State and the protection of its laws. From his standpoint, inheritance is a sudden acquisition of wealth without labor. His ability to contribute to the support of the government is increased. Only where the head of a family dies who is supporting wife, children, or kin has there been an economic loss to any one. If the estate goes to collateral relatives, or even to self-supporting children, there is an accidental addition to their means, and thus a gain in their taxpaying power. What class of property can be a more fit object of taxation than that which comes to an individual unearned by his own labor and often undeserved by any personal merits?

Third. Succession taxes are not inherently unjust. The deep-rooted prejudice as to the sacredness of testamentary rights arises from existing laws which lead us to forget that these rights are not natural rights, nor even the consequence of the right of property. No good reason can be offered for the operation of inter-State laws which not infrequently place property in the hands of distant relatives, whose existence was scarcely known to the deceased, and who very likely had far less affection for him and real interest in his welfare than many friends, employees, and servants.

Fourth. Inheritance taxes—particularly those which are progressive and place an increasing burden upon legacies as they increase in value—are no discouragement to industry and enterprise. It is not to be assumed that legislatures, because they have the power, will therefore enact laws dispossessing entirely the immediate family. Whatever may be the rates hereafter adopted, every enlightened government will suitably protect the dependent wife, children, and kindred. The passage of property, whether it be from a father to a son who is financially independent, or from an uncle to a grandnephew, or from an indulgent testator to the object of his bounty, is purely an artificial advantage in the struggle for existence. Without any exertion on his part, such beneficiary has been given a start over his fellows. In so far as the tax curtails this arbitrary advantage resting on the accident of birth, to this extent will there be an approach to the ideal of a greater equality.

Finally, the inheritance tax furnishes a plan by which to grapple with "the problem of enormous fortunes." Its advocates say that the method is wise, simple, and effective—wise, because it does not touch private property during the life of the owner, and thus places no burden upon business activity; simple, because the tax is easily ascertained and collected while estates are being administered in the Probate Court; effective,

[1] Mager vs. Grima, 49 U. S., 8 How. 493.
[2] Mr. Justice McKenna, in Magoon vs. Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, 170 U. S., 283.

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because by the application of progressive rates any result in the direction of preventing the transmission of unduly large accumulations can be accomplished which the legislature shall from time to time deem advisable. Without some legislative regulation of this character there is no check upon the accelerating growth of wealth in the hands of the few; nothing to cause its distribution except the spirit of benevolence and the proverbial profligacy of the owners of inherited means. It is poor morality, as well as economics, to intrust the distribution of the world's wealth either to folly or philanthropy.

In this conflict of argument and opinion certain facts remain unchallenged. First, the legal power of Congress to impose a graduated inheritance tax has been sustained by the Supreme Court and is therefore not an open question. Second, progressive inheritance taxes have been tried with satisfactory results both in Australia and New Zealand, the region of experiments, and in England, the home of conservatism. With the constitutionality of the tax established and its utility tested by experience, it is clear that the question is largely one of the rates which should be fixed. Should small legacies be exempted? Should the tax be progressive? If so, what should be the scale of progression? Ought the highest rate to be five per cent. as now provided by some State laws, or fifty per cent. as was proposed by Edward Bellamy? Should the legislature adopt the views of Andrew Carnegie—reaffirmed in a recent utterance of exceptional significance—and exact from every large estate "a tremendous share, a progressive share"? What tribute might the Russell Sage millions properly have paid? What part of the colossal bequest held in trust for a grandson of Marshall Field and accumulating for his benefit, or injury, might the Government wisely have appropriated to the use of its citizens?

It is in the highest degree important that any such tax should be kept within conservative bounds, but what these bounds shall be—what is fair and wise, and what is unreasonable and confiscatory—must necessarily be left to the judgment of Congress. If it be argued against the tax that there is danger of unreasonable and radical legislation on the subject, such a contention, as was pointed out by Justice White in his scholarly and luminous decision upholding the Inheritance Tax of 1898,[1] "involves in its ultimate aspect the mere assertion that free and representative government is a failure."

In dealing with the problem of concentrated wealth, the progressive inheritance tax very naturally presents itself as a partial solution. Its sponsors have for years earnestly, but with indifferent success in attracting public attention, urged its adoption as a convenient method of raising revenue and an efficient means for reducing "swollen fortunes." By the sudden appearance of the President as its champion this proposition is now receiving that degree of public consideration which it well deserves. Why should it anywhere, even among the very rich, arouse fear and amazement? Is it not rather surprising that in democratic America the unqualified moral right to inherit regal fortunes should not long since have been assailed? How absurd now appears the doctrine of the divine right of kings, rulership over one's fellow-men, vested as a thing of private property in lineage, the grave responsibilities of the crown blindly intrusted to an unborn child! Yet power resides not alone in hereditary monarchs. The ownership of ten million dollars is a power greater than possessed by many a potentate. The use or misuse of such a fortune is fraught with far-reaching consequences, moral and economic, to whole communities and to thousands of human beings; yet without astonishment or doubt we have seen such fortunes, with all their latent possibilities of good or evil, pass to the heir-at-law, regardless of his capacity to administer the great trust. May not a future generation regard the present doctrine of unlimited inheritance in the same light with which men trained in democracy now view the transfer of the crown from the monarch to his next of kin?

In the light of considerations such as these, the progressive inheritance tax loses its destructive and ominous aspect.

[1] Knowlton vs. Moore, 178 U. S., 41.

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Rather does it appear as a safeguard of private ownership. If our capitalists who "exhibit a singular stupidity in resisting every attempt to impose upon them their proper share of the public burdens" realized its ultimate effect, they would welcome this tax as a protection instead of viewing it as a threat. Let this tax limit, even in a slight degree, these gigantic fortunes, and compel them to contribute directly to the National revenue; let it thus become evident that the rich are bearing their proportion of the burdens of government, and the popular realization of this condition will be a bulwark to private property and vested interests.

Here is proposed a system of Federal taxation which must appeal strongly to the popular imagination. It adds no burden to the poor, but permits those who have much to contribute to the government somewhat in proportion to their ability to pay. It invades no natural rights. It violates no maxim of the law. It overleaps no constitutional barriers. It weakens none of the sound timbers of our social structure. Rather does this proposed tax—with its ultimate purpose of a more equitable distribution of public burdens and private wealth—tend to strengthen and make firm the entire structure of the State. True democratic institutions need a broader basis than free and equal political rights; there must be at least reasonable economic freedom and equality. This tax aims to level up life's chances, to give every man a fairer start, to produce a greater "equality of opportunity," which, no less than equality of legal rights, should inhere in a republic as one of its essential attributes.

A reasonable inheritance tax, wisely imposed by Congress, under its ample powers, is neither revolutionary nor socialistic; it is, on the contrary, a measure of practical wisdom and of social justice. This tax has been styled "an institution of democracy." May it not indeed prove to be one of the head-stones of the corner?

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

TRADE UNIONS AND POLITICS[1]

BY JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

UNTIL very recent years the trade union has been a bulwark against Socialism. That well-to-do people have not seen in the trade union one of the most powerful conservative influences shows unfairness. The attention has been fixed upon the points of friction with employers. Compared to the movement as a whole, this friction has been incidental and relatively unimportant. It has even been the source of innumerable labor-saving inventions from which society has received great advantage. But, wholly beyond the fighting line between employer and employed, the unions have done as much for education as any college. They have not only forced up and maintained their standard of living (which was as good for society as for themselves); they have carried on for a full century a system of group discipline that is educational in the highest sense.

The internal history of unions like those of the printers, cigar-makers, iron-molders, miners, shoemakers, is one long dramatic story of struggle to discipline the membership. It is strictly true that this inner conflict has been quite as severe as the conflict with the employer. To train millions of wage-earners to habits of submission to democratic organization; to inspire them to the continuous sacrifices necessary to this end; to train up such multitudes to that rare virtue in a democracy, *obedience*, stands for an immense educational influence. Even to create a local union, to make

[1] This is the twelfth article in the series on Industrial Democracy. A former article by Mr. Brooks, who is known to most of our readers as the author of the book "The Social Unrest," will be found in The Outlook of November 17 last, under the title "The Trade Union and Democracy."—THE EDITORS.

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it conscious of common interests, to secure permanent committees and develop effective parliamentary procedure, is not only educational in the best sense, but it is precisely the kind of education those citizens most need. It is, however, when these locals begin to affiliate with State and National bodies that we see the full measure of this discipline. One of our ablest presidents of a National organization once told me, "It costs me far more time, anxiety, and tact to keep our local unions reasonable than all our differences with employers. I have much more to do in stopping strikes than in carrying them on. The local is so near the sources of trouble, there are so many green men and so many hotheads, besides no end of bitter rivalry in the organization, that our National body is on the strain all the time to keep the locals in order."

The single question of "jurisdictional fights" among different unions is of itself one of the most baffling problems with which the National body has to cope.

Perhaps one best of all sees the results of this long interior discipline by sitting two or three days in a convention of the Federation of Labor. I have heard very competent men assert that one saw there an average of parliamentary capacity which was distinctly above that of the best of our State Legislatures.

I repeat that so far as Socialism is thought to be a danger, this trade union tradition is not only conservative, but it has been the most active and sturdy exponent of Socialism in this country. The reason of this is that unionism practically accepts and co-operates with the competitive wage system. To uproot and cast out this system is of course one chief object of Socialism. That unionism should enter into partnership with the hated thing, should even make one of its highest aims the formation of joint agreements with employers, thereby making the partnership completer and more permanent, constitutes an offense which Socialists do not forgive. There is a body of Socialist literature containing far more bitterness of tone toward trade unions than toward the capitalists.

It is at this point that one of the most difficult as well as one of the gravest of labor and social questions arises. Has the wage system elasticity enough to retain its hold on organized labor? *Within* that system can labor continue to secure what it will insist upon—a rising standard of income in conformity to general progress? Or can a competitive system in a world market afford to *give* the income which labor will ask? In New Zealand and Australian colonies labor concluded that it could not get these advantages within the wage system as now constituted, and *therefore* it turned deliberately to the open field of general politics. When Sir Charles Dilke wrote his book on "Greater Britain," he was impressed by the fact that Australian trade unions had so long put their trust in the old political parties. This confidence assumes that the interests of labor are safe in the hands of politicians who represent the capitalistic interests of the time, as our own Republican party now does in this country. Sixteen years ago capitalism, backed by its own politics, inflicted upon unionism in Australia a defeat so humiliating that labor turned in solid phalanxes to form a party of its own.

After years of hesitation, a strong contingent in England now boldly adopts the same policy. The powerful unions in Belgium long since turned from the wage system to politics, with signal advantage to themselves. It is the only country where one is quite certain yet that it was an advantage.

Is labor in the United States to follow these tactics, or are we to work out policies of our own, still within the economic field marked off by the old wage payment?

That the world's business in different leading countries is every year being done more and more alike and more and more under pressure of vast currents common to all, would seem to mean that the United States cannot maintain a difference in labor method so sharp as this. Yet two facts of extraordinary significance will aid capitalism in holding labor to the wage system in something like its present form. The first is the fact of race variations, including the negro; the second, the extent and

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significance of our immigration. This need not be left merely as theory. At hundreds of points one may now see the competitive ways in which these races, with fewer wants, are pitted against those with higher wants so as to check the demand of the union *except* for the stronger and more skilled worker. These are often deliberately selected and given a higher than the union wage, in order to cripple the men's organization. Strictly from the point of view of the average worker, it may become a terrible weapon, as one may see at the present moment in certain plants of the Steel Corporation, into which multitudes of South and East European laborers are being rushed. What this will mean in some future period of sharp and prolonged business depression suggests very ugly possibilities. But meantime, together with the growth of employers' organizations, it unquestionably tightens the grip of the wage system on labor and weakens the power of the trade union to act politically—to act politically in the new and not in the old sense. For two generations our unions have been in politics in the sense that they have been upon the field to secure specific benefits through legislation: shortened hours, prevention of imported contract labor, adequate factory and mine inspection, restricted child labor, and the like. They have again and again flirted with general politics, but invariably to their own undoing, as with the Knights of Labor, until the strongest of the unions united in keeping questions of party politics out of their councils.

Year after year the Socialists have fought the unions on this point, urging that the old parties in no sense represented the real interests of labor. The Socialists' glee at Mr. Gompers's apparent change of attitude is natural enough.

A Socialist friend tells me with exultation, "We all knew the Federation of Labor would sooner or later get its lesson. President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon have given it the first shock. When Gompers and his friends left that conference, they saw for the first time, what Socialists have all along known, that trade-unionism must break with the stupid tradition of avoiding politics. For several years the fight has been hot between us on this point. The sleepers have at last got out of bed."

Is this unconcealed purpose of President Gompers and his followers the first momentous step in removing the barriers between Socialist and trade union policy in this country? My friend thinks it rather absurd to question this. He points gleefully to the obdurate facts, first, of accumulated defeats of labor legislation in Congress, together with injunctions that grow in number and severity, and, second, to the high enthusiasm inspired by triumphs of labor in the English Parliament.

Labor organization in that country avoided party politics until convinced that its economic existence was threatened by laws made too exclusively in the interests of capital. The recent Socialistic vote of two great bodies of miners, together with the uncompromising attitude of some thirty of the fifty-four labor members, has for the first time shocked English Liberals into some sense of the situation. That the politicians representing the employers should have shown no recognition of this seriousness has its partial explanation (as in our own country) in the current belief that Socialism is a bugaboo—a mere conjured specter casting its spell upon faddists and upon many queer and unsuccessful people here and there. That Socialism was to be thought of as an alternative to *anything* has not yet been really faced by the successful business man. He thinks the trade union an organization chiefly to create trouble and obstruct prosperity. Yet the contention of these unions has been to accept the present wage system, to co-operate with it, working out common agreements under which the two organizations of capital and labor could continue to do the world's work together.

Here, then, capitalism itself has had a powerful if very irritating colleague, one ready to work with it along its own lines. Is this protection now to be withdrawn? For organized labor to "go into politics" in the sense now threatened by Mr. Gompers is to strengthen every revolutionary specific which Socialists have at heart. One of the hardiest and most seasoned of our politicians, com-

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menting on the Speaker's snub to labor, said, "The old war-horse showed his usual sense. These labor mouthers are eternally bluffing about going into politics. They have scared us now and then just as the Prohibitionists have done, but the labor vote is as little dangerous to the old parties as Christian Science." The stubborn fact on the side of this scoffing politician is the past history of labor in general politics. But what of the future? We cannot decide with any confidence between the gay certainty of this Socialist and the grim cynicism of the party hack.

Since 1900, however, great things have come to pass in the United States. No event since the Civil War is half so momentous as the recent moral outbreak of indignant judgment against this same capitalistic politics in the United States. To make popularly known just what relations the various kinds of party boss sustain to speculative and privileged forms of business is the elementary achievement that will make reform both in business and politics at last possible. To do this, a form of moral and intellectual slavery has to be destroyed. It is the slavery of our stand-pat party politics. As its commercial alliances have strengthened, it has crippled the spirit of freedom in this country as effectually as did slave labor in the South before the war. That strong and enlightened men now cower before issues like that of reciprocity, which deals with specific monstrosities in the tariff, or are afraid to take sides against men like Quay and Penrose, gauges the intellectual subserviency. The extent of our revolt against this slavery measures also our hope of freedom and reform. That the people are waking both to the fact and the obligations which the fact implies may be seen at a score of centers just now in the United States.

That this situation offers a chance for organized political independence is too obvious for comment. It presents an issue as commanding and as distinct as that about which the Republican party drew its first inspiration and greatness. That the issues at present are so conspicuously economic is the reason why labor is likely to see its chance and follow it. When John Mitchell published his book, "Organized Labor," he said cautiously that the *immediate* policy of the unions was to avoid politics, but the time might be near when they would be forced to act. The breathless succession of disturbing investigations since then reads like a cogent list of reasons why independent politics has at last become both a duty and good strategy. The saner heads in the labor movement had experience enough to know that the time had not come even to break ground for an independent party, for the sufficient reason that organized labor was too isolated and too weak in voting strength. The changes in the last few years have converted to belief in political action a formidable host from all classes, including the many modest business interests that may set themselves against political and business spongers as doggedly as labor.

Nor do I forget that the unions themselves sorely need purging. There is not a vice of our political and business tyranny which has left them unsmirched. But who has set before them the open and flaunting example of these vicious practices? Their first effective schooling was from the same alliance of privileged business and party politics. The most dangerous corruption of trade unions begins with City Hall affiliations, and here business and politics had long before set up their partnership of public exploitation. This is but another illustration of the common responsibility for these evils which lies so heavily upon every section of the community; most, perhaps, on those who do not vote at all.

The saying that we have not had a government by the people is now worn to a platitude. We have had government by professional political cliques working in sympathetic partnership with specific privileged interests. Practically every signal victory since the "awakening" has sprung from this new spirit of political independence. This new spirit is the strict measure of our achievement up to date.

Now, if labor organization be considered as a whole—Germany, France, England, Belgium, Australia, New Zealand—no influence matches it in bringing in this

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political independence, which surely is the first condition of a living democracy.

From the first there has never been a doubt about the main purpose of unionism toward democracy. The documentary evidence of this is complete; the union wants the referendum, the initiative, and primaries so revised that the people can act at the determining points of their political destiny.

Nothing will now permanently hinder the extension of these democratic agencies. The revolt is now on. It is on in Oregon, Missouri, Wisconsin, Ohio, New Jersey; indeed, in so many centers that it seems to beat with the pulse of the Nation. No class (if that word must be used) has so much at stake in all this as the wage-earners.

It is into this wholly new atmosphere that organized labor may enter upon its heavy task of leading the fight against a party tyranny that has become grotesque in its unfitness for the impartial, constructive service which society now awaits. To get the determination of political policies free from the clutch of privileged interests in every form is what the people have come to see as their first task. There is no influence that can indefinitely postpone this task of enlarging the political motive so that it shall lie level with the common weal. To use local and National politics to hedge and coddle the speculative schemes of commercial cliques has been the occupation of the moneyed men of this country. They have secured the domain, the franchises, charters, and strategic privileges of every sort, while throughout the entire game party politics has been their lackey. All this could not have been avoided, because we, the people, ignorantly sustain them. What the new time has brought is common knowledge of these facts and a great wave of feeling which makes action possible. In the old days labor could not go into politics for utter lack of this popular insight and propelling sentiment.

These may now give to labor its opportunity. If it shows the valor to avoid the grosser errors of the monopolistic spirit, the strength of its legions will be redoubled by accessions from the multitude of electors whose passion for self-respect and independence makes them ready to take the field against the despoilers.

SOURCES OF HOUSEHOLD WASTE

BY CLARA G. BREWER

MANY writers from time to time give suggestions as to specific instances of waste. It is the purpose of this article to classify under broad heads the main sources of waste, with an example or two under each. If an intelligent housewife appreciates the force of a general proposition, she will be able more readily to recognize the specific violation when it arises in her household. It will be helpful for a reader to ask herself under what heads the errors of her establishment fall.

This article deals only with waste in household affairs, though many of its principles apply also to other expenditures; as dress, travel, amusements, entertaining.

Waste arises in buying, from lack of thought and good judgment as shown in various ways. It is always wasteful to buy articles of inferior quality, as sleazy towels and tablecloths that have no wear in them, or loosely woven matting that soon pulls apart, or poor food that cannot be eaten. But it is equally wrong to pay extra prices for fancy stock. If fine large peaches can be bought for $2.50 per bushel, there is no merit in paying $3.50 for extra large ones. If a chair of artistic design, beautiful wood, and fine, plain finish can be bought for a certain price, it is folly to pay ten dollars more for some carving to catch the dust. Waste arises from failure to buy in quantities when it is advantageous to do so: as laundry soap and starch by the box, olive oil and molasses by the gallon, vinegar by the five gallons, matches by the dozen boxes. But, on the other hand,

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it is wasteful to buy in quantity if it is not advantageous. Sweet potatoes, very perishable, should be got in small lots. If carrots are six cents a bunch or two bunches for ten cents, there is no merit in buying two bunches if only one is really needed. Many women will buy two and finally throw away the second bunch.

Waste arises from failure to watch the market and buy at a favorable time. Twenty-five and fifty cents a ton may be saved by buying coal in the summer. Sugar usually goes up in canning time; the wise woman buys one hundred pounds in four twenty-five-pound bags before the rise. If one has established with a grocer the reputation of being a prompt payer and a fair-minded customer, arrangements can be made with him to let one know of special opportunities to buy to advantage. This can also be extended to other tradesmen.

It is wasteful to buy things because they are cheap, on a slender chance that they may sometime be used—as furniture polish, metal polish, and cement for broken dishes bought from persistent venders only to cumber the closet shelves; or to buy an article for which demand seems to exist without first seeing if something already on hand will not answer. The next day the hasty buyer says dejectedly, "Dear me! Why did I not remember that I had so and so! It would have done just as well as what I bought."

A source of waste to be strongly condemned is the growing custom of paying high prices for cooked food at bakeries and delicatessen shops in order to save one's self the trouble of home cooking. From five to six o'clock in the afternoon these stores are thronged by women who have been at the matinée, or shopping, or calling, and they hurry in to buy food already prepared which they can quickly set on the table, with small regard for its real food value. So they pay forty cents a pound for boiled ham, or thirty-five cents a pound for veal loaf, twenty-five cents for some potato salad, twelve cents a dozen for rolls, twenty cents for a pie, twenty-five cents for a small plain cake—and lo, a meal! If these things had been intelligently made at home, with good management as to fuel, a saving of thirty-five to forty per cent. could be effected. The woman who daily loses money because she will not take the trouble to cook has probably another characteristic of a wasteful housewife—a contempt for small savings. One cent saved on a ten-cent purchase is a saving of ten per cent. just as truly as one dollar on ten dollars. A ten per cent. investment would be considered desirable by any business man. Much of the household savings must come from looking after the pennies.

To be condemned strongly is the growing custom of buying articles of food out of season when they are luxuries and the price is highest—strawberries at Christmas, "spring lamb" in January, and asparagus in February. It would be well if we could learn that there are better ways to entertain a guest than to impoverish ourselves in order to set before him some luxury out of season and probably lacking its real flavor. He who would enjoy fruits and vegetables at their best will be satisfied to eat them when they are at their perfection in his own climate.

One of the most serious sources of waste in buying is the practice of "running bills." It is useless to aver, "I never buy anything on credit that I do not really need." If one will steadfastly for six months hold himself rigidly to buying only what he can pay cash for, if he will keep his accounts carefully and at the end of the time honestly study the result, he will admit that he has cut off one serious source of former wastefulness. The merchant well understands the frailties of human nature, and he is eager to get you to "open an account," suggesting it in his advertisements, and even seductively soliciting it by letter.

Again, waste arises from misuse and neglect of materials after purchase. There is a loss of food through failure to care for it properly; milk is left standing in a hot kitchen to sour, or butter to melt; bread grows musty in a neglected bread-box; cheese is forgotten on the shelf and molds. The same tendency shows itself in failure to scrape clean the kettles, saucepans, and mixing-bowls,

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so that no food is left adhering to them. If only a tablespoonful of oatmeal is left on the sides of the double boiler each morning, it means quarts wasted in a year. A lack of good management of "left-overs" contributes to waste. It is one thing to get them eaten under protest so that they just escape being thrown away; it is another thing to use the "left-overs" so skillfully as to make attractive and palatable dishes, and so save the expense of providing new food. If the family does not like hash, there is no merit in using cold meat in this way and having it eaten "at the point of the bayonet," when, as croquettes, or filling for an omelet, or in shepherd's pie, the dish would be relished and praised. In this connection one is reminded that some woman said that the two most mysterious words in the English language to her were "stock" and "drippings." Until a housewife has come to be on familiar terms with the stock-pot and the drippings-jar, there is sure to be waste in her household.

Neglect as a source of waste is shown in a failure to care for each utensil and article of furniture so as to prolong its period of use. There is a right way to care for every article in household use, and by adhering rigidly to this right way it may be made to last from half as long again to many times longer than if used carelessly and ignorantly. If wooden tubs are left without water standing in them, it is not strange that the hoops fall off. If the boiler is not dried properly, of course it will rust. If brooms are always hung up when not in use, and if they are dipped in hot suds once a fortnight, their life will be doubled. If a couch is turned end for end each sweeping day, the springs will not sag and give way so soon. By changing the position of furniture in a room, the wear on the carpet is distributed. When money has been expended upon finished floors or hardwood floors, it is sensible to learn the best way to treat them and preserve their beauty. Failure to mend articles at the first sign of impairment is the guarantee of waste, for soon the article is in serious condition, if not entirely beyond repair. At first the cupboard door needed only a screw to tighten a hinge—any one could have put it in. Finally the door broke away from the hinges and a carpenter charged a dollar to mend it. Every house should have a kit of simple tools, nails and screws, and some member of the family should have interest enough and gumption enough to make little repairs. It is certainly wasteful to have to send for a man every time there is a leaky faucet to pack, or a shelf to put up, or a window-cord to mend.

A considerable part of daily loss comes from waste of fuel. This may arise from the use of an expensive fuel when cheaper is available, as artificial gas when coal is cheaper, or coal when natural gas is cheaper. Whatever the fuel be, most servants and some mistresses use it most recklessly. Often more fire is built than the nature of the work demands. Lena had a red-hot stove if she had only to boil an egg and make coffee. In using gas Katie would always turn on more than was needed, and it would blaze around the kettle in a beautiful but costly aureola. In vain did her mistress explain that the contents of a kettle would not cook one whit sooner because the water was in a state of violent ebullition. Katie only sniffed incredulously, turned down the gas with reluctance, and, when her mistress departed, triumphantly turned it on again full head. A common error lies in a failure to make a fire do as much work as possible. A careless ironer will make up a hot fire afresh when she is nearly done, and it burns on unused after she has finished. Or the gas oven is heated to bake a single dish, when by planning the menu carefully a whole meal might be cooked in the oven at the same time. Or the oven fire could be utilized to do extra cooking for the next day, as a dish of baked apples for breakfast or some custards for lunch; a pan of water also can be heated under the oven for dish-water.

Waste of lights occurs chiefly in not turning down gas when leaving bedrooms or bath-rooms. The men and boys of a household are the chief offenders here. The burning of a light in one's bedroom all night is a piece of wastefulness inexcusable in well persons.

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A little investigation on the part of mistresses will disclose the fact that maids are apt to keep a light burning all night, and their excuse is that they are afraid to sleep in the dark.

Again, waste arises from allowing children to grow up with silly whims about eating, so that "Mary won't touch lamb," "John can't bear soft-boiled eggs," "George would rather starve than eat rice." Meals cannot be economically served where special dishes must be prepared for notional people. In a family of four adults of my acquaintance there is such diversity of tastes that three meals must be prepared for each breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Except in rare cases, if children are managed in a kind and tactful but firm way, they can be brought to eat the articles of food commonly found on people's tables, thereby making them comfortable members of the household, and guests always welcomed by both mistress and maid.

A source of waste not always recognized is the common practice of ordering groceries and meat by telephone or from the man who calls for orders. Old-fashioned marketing seems to be dying out. "It is too much trouble," say the women. But the housewife who really cares whether she is economical or not will not begrudge the time or the trouble of marketing in person. Often on reaching the store she rearranges her menus, for she finds it advantageous to do so. The peas are not as tender as they should be, so she buys beans. She expected to get berries, but finds it advisable to purchase a pineapple instead. She not only gets the chops for dinner, but finds, for a small price, just the piece of meat for an Irish stew to-morrow.

Waste arises from a lack of thorough knowledge on the part of the housewife of the whole round of housekeeping. If the mistress herself does not know how to buy, how to cook, how to use, how to save, the case is hopeless. But knowledge alone will not suffice—there must be vigilance and intelligent oversight. Poor Richard says, "The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands." Even competent servants will have no interest in true economy. No one but the mistress will see "the leak in the dike."

Lastly, a large part of household waste arises from moral cowardice—a fear of seeming stingy keeps people from being saving. Many a housewife is really afraid to say anything about economy lest her servant characterize her as "stingy" when the neighborhood servants gather for their nightly confabs. The disrelish of the average maid for economy or anything that looks in that direction is one of the serious phases of the problem. In possible explanation of this is the fact that many of the servants have come from the poverty of the Old World and so are inclined to call a family "rich" if they live in a comfortable house on a salary of $2,000; hence they say, "Why all this talk about economy?"

Moral cowardice brings on waste through a fear of being considered old-fashioned and queer in the appointments of the house. Furniture excellent in quality and correct in design must be sent to the attic or "traded in" at a low figure for the latest fashion as regards finish of wood and form. We would be ashamed to have the Murray-Hills visit us and find an old-fashioned sideboard in our dining-room when every one else has a buffet. And then think for a moment of the ignominy of being the only folks in our set without hardwood floors! When the friezes are too wide, or the drop-ceilings do not drop enough, or the wall-paper is light when every one else has tapestry papers, no course seems open to a self-respecting family but to cut down the subscription to the church and re-paper.

Moral cowardice impels to waste in providing too elaborate repasts when friends are entertained. There must be luncheons of eight courses when most of us are lucky to have two when we lunch alone. There must be show dinners with expensive place-cards, costly floral centerpieces, and such a succession of unusual and mysterious things to eat that we have to give up when we try to tell mother about it the next morning. As soon as a woman thinks of having a few friends to dine, she begins to cudgel her brain for novel ideas—there must be novelties in table decorations, novelties

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in food, novelties in the way of serving the food. We all know that the sweet grace of hospitality is stifled in this excess and flummery, but it is a rare woman who dares invite her friends to a simple meal suited to her purse and station. "Just think," she sighs, "of that perfectly elegant dinner the Schuylers gave! Why, I didn't know what I was eating half the time! How could I ask them to a simple dinner after that? I just couldn't do it."

I knew of a luncheon club of twelve young married women, one of whom each month entertained the others at lunch. As the months passed, the affairs became more and more elaborate, each striving to outdo the others. Soon the town resources were exhausted, and flowers, out-of-season delicacies, and fancy ices were ordered from the city. Some of the members could not afford this, and the others knew it. All felt that the affairs had gone too far and had become a burden to plan and most wearing to carry out, yet not one was willing to be the woman to assert her good sense and return to moderation. All honor to the woman who in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation dares to be simple and sane! If you are so blest as to know such a one, hasten to tell her how much you admire her, lest she too falter, lose her foothold, and be swept off by the waves of waste.

SAINT THERESA

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Weary and long the winding way;
Yet as I fare, to comfort me,
Still o'er and o'er I tell the beads
Of love's perfected rosary.

The fire that once hath pierced the heart,
If from above, must upward flame,
Nor falter till it find at last
The burning fountain whence it came.

O fire of love within my breast—
O pain that pleads for no surcease—
Fill me with fervor!—more and more,
Give me thy passion and thy peace!

O love, that mounts to paths of day
Untraversed by the soaring lark,
O love, through all the silent night
A lamp to light the boundless dark,

O love, whose dearest pangs I bear,
This heart—this wounded heart—transform!
That all who seek its shelter may
There find a refuge safe and warm!

Were there no heaven of high reward,
Man's service here to crown and bless,
Were there no hell,—I, for love's sake,
Would toil with ardent willingness.

And if—O Thou that pitiest
The fallen, lone, and tempest-tost!—
If, Love Divine! Thou do but save
Whom *I* well love, none shall be lost.

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TWO CHINESE HEROES

I.—MAFU-CHANG, EX-SOLDIER

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK[1]

WHATEVER attempts have been made to vindicate the Chinese soldier have attracted no attention. No doubt the cause of this is the estimation in which war is held by the Chinese. Confucian justice degraded the military profession and ignored the development of the art extolled by Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, and even the Manchu Emperors.

No one has thought it worth while to inquire into the character of the Chinese soldier, much less to praise him, and the sterling qualities inherent in the race have never been suspected to pertain to the soldier even by the Chinese themselves. But when it is considered that the Chinese soldier is robbed and exploited by his superiors, facts of which he is perfectly well aware, his respect for authority is seen in this case to be purely accidental, and owes its existence to the filial training which the lowest Chinese possesses. War under such conditions is merely a personal adventure to the common soldier, who has been taught that the officials are responsible for the welfare of the people, and that China has no real enemies among the tributary barbarians visiting the borders. It is a fact that the Chinese soldier in an emergency delights to make sure his escape as well as to leave his superior in the lurch.

The old ideas regarding foreigners have, of course, been largely dispelled. Instruction in the art of war, as practiced by the West, has been carried on for many years in China, and those Chinese qualified for the profession of arms, acquainted with the geography of the world, the power of foreign enemies, and the consequences of battle with foreigners, have furnished an example of what a real Chinese soldier is. In 1900 the Chinese military students at the Tientsin arsenal defended first the walls of the arsenal, then, compelled to retire, defended the building, from which they retreated to their rooms, and died defending their bureaus.

The sterling qualities that have made the Chinese as a race so hardy appear unaffected by the political and moral degeneracy of which the nation has complained since the days of Lao-Tzu and Confucius.

The subject of this sketch may be taken as an eminent example of what the great body of the Chinese consist of, and something of what is possible in them. Chang is a man of the lower or peasant classes. He was one of a large family of children, and was noted in his neighborhood, but especially among his relatives, for his stupidity. When a young man, he became a soldier and served in the army of the Tartar general at Mukden, spending his time partly in the destitute barracks to which a Chinese soldier is consigned, and at intervals escorting prisoners and hunting bandits in the surrounding region. He was something over fifty years of age when he became my hostler, just preceding the battle of Liaoyang. On the last day of the battle I was taken in the Japanese lines, and Chang was obliged, with two animals and the baggage, to make the march during the Russian retreat of forty-five miles to Mukden, alone and unprotected. It is needless to say that an unprotected Chinese with a foreign army is theoretically helpless; especially during the retreats which the Russians made after their defeats, a Chinese was at the mercy of the soldiers. While *en route* to Mukden one of his animals lay down and died, but with the other he managed to save the baggage, but was thrown into prison, charged with being a spy, and remained for nine days in hourly danger of having his head taken off by an ignorant official who made no

[1] Mr. McCormick was the Associated Press correspondent on the Russian side during the Russo-Japanese War, and was for six years a newspaper correspondent in China.—THE EDITORS.

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distinctions between suspects, and required little or no evidence in those days to execute them. He was released through the efforts of an Irish missionary, Mr. Fulton, who knew the family, and he returned to serve me through all the exciting adventures accompanying the last days of the Russian Grand Army. Most conspicuous were his courage and devotion in the flight from Mukden—the most alarming *débâcle* of the war. At seven o'clock on the morning of March 10, 1905, we were caught in the jam of artillery, including a number of fortress guns, and of baggage-wagons that were trying to get around the west wall of Mukden. The Mukden settlement was in flames, and we were just behind the rear guard, with the Japanese trying to cut the armies off several miles to the north. Chang was driving a Chinese cart containing the baggage, and was having great difficulty in managing the two animals—hitched tandem—by which it was drawn. Being a Chinese, he was frequently struck at by the soldiers. The baggage-wagons often attempted to crowd him from the road, and he was several times hit by the drivers. The situation was one in which protest was worse than useless, for in many cases the soldiers were going mad. When the sun got higher, the armies began to be heated, and it was very dusty. The Japanese were shelling with *brisants* that part of the roadway where we were marching, and at eleven o'clock two brisants struck just behind the cart. Chang was at the moment about to cross a gully, but quietly proceeded to repair the harness. Half a mile farther on he was attacked by an insane soldier, who first tried to bayonet him and then attempted to beat him off the cart with the butt of his rifle. Unable to reach the man, I appealed to an officer just behind him, but the officer refused to interfere, for he was himself in terror. But Chang's tact and presence of mind were fully equal to the occasion. By his coolness he brought the soldier to his senses, and after a few minutes, when the wave of excitement had abated, the soldier disappeared in the crowd.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Pu River was reached, the scene of the greatest single disaster of the flight of the Russian armies from Mukden. There was a great congestion on the bank, which was steep and impossible for the artillery and wagons to descend except at one place. Being a Chinese, driving a Chinese vehicle, it was impossible to use this descent, where the Russians were striving among themselves to cross. Chang, who as a horseman was superior to any of the hundreds of Russian drivers who were plunging their horses down the embankment and trying to get out on the opposite side, took a perilous course to one side, and though struck at with sabers by the artillerymen on the bank as he passed, landed his cart safely in the water and ice below. He was received by an artilleryman who jumped off his horse and rushed twenty feet through the water to strike him. He passed quietly and indifferently down the stream behind a dozen caissons and wagons stalled in the mire of the north bank, and got out without difficulty. Half an hour before dark, when I thought we had passed the point at which the Japanese were cutting the army in two—though shells were still striking to the east of us—we stopped at a village to feed the animals, who had not been fed since dawn. Within a quarter of an hour we received a shower of bullets in the house and courtyard where we were resting, and a big fusillade began. The troops fled. The explosion of a few hand grenades across the road was now all that was necessary to complete their terror. From the gate of the compound the soldiers could be seen sweeping through the roadway of the village, until the dust became so thick that they were lost to sight and only their cries and terrified shouts could be heard above the fusillade. It was the point at which the rear of the Russian armies was cut off, and, thinking that it was almost certain death for him to leave the premises, I ordered Chang to remain in the house of the compound with the family of Chinese, where he would be safe, and where, being a native, he would be unmolested and might return to Mukden. But I saw that he could not understand, and while I was saddling my mare he was looking for bullets which were at the moment striking

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the trough where the animals were feeding, and the house. But fearing to be cut off, I again ordered him to remain, and rode away.

His subsequent adventures are as related by himself. The fusillade lasted about an hour, and it was quite dark when it ended. Under cover of the night he escaped from the village with the animals and baggage, and later on was able to join a Russian column making its way along the railway. Protected by the darkness, he marched all night unmolested, but when dawn came he was several times assaulted by soldiers and with much difficulty prevented the baggage from being looted and the animals taken. Toward noon he rested and then proceeded in the direction of Tiehling. Four native bandits, armed with swords and pistols, who had been in the service of the army and were fleeing with it, about the middle of the afternoon took possession of him and all of the effects. But he was able by threats and courage to compromise with them, and escaped by giving them one piece of baggage and half of the mess stores. Later in the day, however, they returned and took one of the animals. Chang employed a Chinese peasant, whom he met on the road, to follow the bandits, and when he arrived at Tiehling was able to locate them and the stolen animal at an inn. While the army was in heated flight, he induced the native magistrate to examine the case, which, in view of the fact that few Chinese officials could safely venture to interfere in any affair concerning an employee or follower of the army, was in itself an achievement. The animal was recovered and the robber thrown into prison, where he was afterwards, no doubt, decapitated according to Chinese law.

Later, at a time when I thought Chang safe in Mukden, I accidentally discovered him, nearly a week after, at Kaiyuan, seventy miles north of where we had begun the flight. He had, unarmed and without any protection, successfully withstood all the dangers of the flight, in which he was the best soldier that I saw, and for four days of the retreat proper, which began at Tiehling, he had successfully managed the distressed and importunate soldiers who were constantly trying to get possession of and loot the baggage. He was afterward presented with the cart and a fine mule, and I am obliged to say that he was amazed at the gift and sincerely ignorant of what he done to deserve it.

I have heard foreigners in China relate many similar stories, but I believe that in the present day they do not receive the publicity which they deserve, and which makes them of such peculiar interest at the present moment.

II.—HIS EXCELLENCY HWANG

Chinese biography is not a study, outside of a few workshops where Western scholars are working out human history, which we pretend we have no time for, but which will be appreciated in another generation. We do not know the personnel of the Chinese Government. The main facts in the life of Confucius are understood, but the exact facts regarding the life of the present ruler of China, the Empress Dowager, are not known outside of China; and Li-Hung-Chang is the only Chinese statesman whose life attracted enough attention in the West to induce a publisher to consider a biography. The secondary officers of the Chinese Government, who became martyrs in 1900 because they opposed the anti-foreign schemes, are not known in America, although some of their names may be discovered in the State Department, and their memory among foreigners is cherished by the few resident in China.

The Chinese character needs no apology and no introduction to civilization. The history for many hundreds of decades of one of the most numerous of the races has filled its annals with illustrious names. In this great nation there are millions of competent men and not a few who may be called remarkable. There is no doubt that the veil of China's almost impossible language obscures much, especially in the national character, fo which the West, if it knew, would stand

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in awe and admiration. The following history is that of a relatively obscure man, already old, belonging to a circle many of whose members have been martyrs to the cause of advancement in China; some beheaded in disgrace, and others, after years of toil and sacrifice, dying in obscurity.

His Excellency Hwang was a boy of ten when the Taiping rebels took the city of Nanking on the Yangtse, in which he lived. It was the practice in those days, and is yet, for families to commit suicide rather than be subjected to the outrages practiced by soldiers in China. Following the example of the family, little Hwang and his brother hung themselves when the Taipings entered the city. He was saved by the soldiers, but his brother was already dead. Following their practice, which was to bring up children in the faith which they themselves professed, the Taipings carried him off, and during his career of two years with the Taiping army he added considerably to the knowledge which he possessed of his own language and acquired considerable proficiency in handwriting, which is a Chinese art. He was used by the rebels as a clerk and accountant. At the end of two years he escaped by way of the Yangtse River, which is the Mississippi of China, and floated down by the lumber rafts which from time immemorial have traversed that great waterway. He was kidnapped by a lumberman, but in the end approached the vicinity of his native city. In the environs of Nanking he learned that no members of his family had survived, and he consented to be adopted into the family of a farmer. On account of his knowledge of reading and writing he became a tutor, and later on the village schoolmaster. Self-taught, he aspired to literary honors, and while yet young he took his first degree. At intervals throughout the years following he advanced from one degree to another, which is the system in China by which a man becomes eminent, until he reached the highest honors possible for the province of Anhui, in which he resided, to confer. One literary distinction remained to him to acquire. This was the Hanlin Degree, conferred by the Emperor himself, in Peking. He was now about thirty-five years of age, and became what might be called the Senior Wrangler of the year. There is nothing like this distinction in other lands, for it carries with it honors that are conferred only by the State, and upon only one man in a year. The examination is nominally conducted by the Emperor himself, and on this occasion, according to the sacred practices of the Throne, the Emperor placed a robe upon Hwang's shoulders; the great middle Chien gate, reserved solely for the use of the Emperor, was opened, and the Emperor escorted him out of the Forbidden City, where the examination was held. The achievements of the little waif of the Yangtse had now entitled him to the highest emoluments of the Empire. The Emperor presented him with a home, and he was made a Censor, which, theoretically, is the most dignified position in the gift of the State. It carries with it the unqualified privilege of criticising all affairs pertaining to both individuals and men, as well as the conduct of the Emperor himself, who, according to the Chinese scheme of things, is regarded as the Son of Heaven. Mandarin Hwang devoted his influence as a public official and his money to benevolence and reform, attending to the responsibilities imposed upon him by his office, and relieving distress. One of his sons he sent abroad to acquire a knowledge of the outside world. On the occasion of a visit to a distressed village near Peking that had been nearly destroyed by a flood he was met by a little boy who had been sent out by the villagers with a list of persons in need of succor. Mandarin Hwang was so pleased with the boy that he took him into his own home, and later on sent him abroad for study; he spent four years in America and Europe, and is now, through the munificence of his patron, a student in Cornell University.

In 1900, when the Government of China was about to ally itself with the disgraceful Boxer organization, which brought the nation into ignominy, his Excellency Hwang, by the authority of his office and the courage of his convictions, memorialized the Throne against

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the Boxers, whose practices he denounced, saying that no State in such difficulties as were then harassing the Empire was ever saved by the devices proposed by the Boxers, or by the friends of the Boxers. Within two days a Boxer garrison appeared at his house, looted it, drove out his family, devastated the premises, and marched him off, a prisoner, to the palace of Prince Chuang. Here he was met by underlings, but Prince Chuang, who had been an old friend, refused to see him. He remained for two days a prisoner in Prince Chuang's hothouse cellar, where the old gardener, who had known him for years, smuggled food to him. Others were afraid to render him any assistance. At the end of two days he was placed in a chair and carried off to the Hsingpu, or State prison. A small, frail, mild, kindly gentleman, thoroughly Confucian in his abhorrence of brute force, his feelings may be imagined as he looked out of the windows of his chair and saw his countrymen decked out in red rags, carrying great brutal iron swords, and, with fierce looks, guarding him from escape and escorting him to prison.

The Government had fallen into the hands of the arch Boxer Prince Tuan, and Mandarin Hwang daily expected the sentence of death, and was prepared for execution. He had to bribe the jailer and the turnkeys in order that a few faithful servants might be admitted to bring him food and reports of his family. Soon after he was imprisoned, the foreign Legations, which were less than a mile away, were besieged, and he could by day and night hear every shot of the rifle and artillery and mine contest, able only to surmise what it was about, and entirely ignorant of the fortunes of the Throne and of his Emperor. At the end of forty days the foreign troops, which had entered Peking and relieved the Legations, threw open the doors of the prison, and his Excellency Hwang was turned loose into the street along with a miscellaneous crowd of prisoners. His home was broken up and his family scattered, but he gathered some friends about him and settled down in the Chinese city to assist the American troops, who were in charge of the district, in policing and governing it. During the occupation of Peking by the foreign troops he established an industrial and charitable institution, with the object of teaching useful trades to boys and educating them in the learning of the West. He was successful, owing to the support which a knowledge of his character attracted. At the same time his former enemies began to persecute him. It is due, I believe, to Mrs. Conger, the wife of the American Minister, who used in Hwang's behalf the rare influence which she enjoyed at the Chinese Court, that the Empress Dowager interfered to protect him; and he has now for several years enjoyed a measure of calm and prosperity, with his family about him. But his future is not at all certain, nor is that of any other Chinese reformer. Like the progressives of the past, and those for a long time to come, he is essentially a martyr, carrying his fortunes in his hand.

It is the fashion now, especially with the sentimentalists, to vindicate the Throne and the high members of the Government. Our magazines are open to these themes because they affect great personages. Men like Hwang are not inspired in their efforts by the hope of Imperial favor. Their efforts began long years before the Imperial family and the members of the Government made their final effort to exterminate Western influence and its missionaries. Their day will be brought nearer and their efforts will be more effective if the history of their deeds is cherished abroad.

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TWO BISHOPS' REMINISCENCES[1]

THE two professions that come into the most intimate relations with us all are, of course, the medical and the clerical, the body and the soul cure completing our lives, in ordinary. Notwithstanding the dreary triteness of remarks upon the gift for story-telling among clergymen, the truth remains that as a class they excel in this field, sometimes to the discomfiture of their hearers, but more often to their profit and entertainment. We know, having had it well drilled into our minds, that the proper study of mankind is man, and so we turn with pleasant anticipations to two volumes recording from widely separated view-points the impressions that "human warious" have made upon two Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Potter, in his "Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops," confines himself to men known more or less widely in England and America. He is able to indicate character by a stroke here or there, and the man stands before us, recalled by a good memory. As Secretary of the House of Bishops he had unusual advantages, and became intimately acquainted with men much his seniors, observing and narrating incidents in their lives. Ten portraits hang in the American room, and three English Archbishops are added. Bishop Whittingham, "precise and unimpeachable," exact in his knowledge and somewhat destitute of humor, is vividly described. He was tenacious of his episcopal rights, and once contended sharply with a certain rector as to his right to pronounce the Absolution. Curiously, after thought, both rector and Bishop reached the conclusion at the same time that the question was immaterial. "You may say the Absolution, Bishop, if you want to," said the rector, in the vestry-room. "But I don't want to!" exclaimed the Bishop—quick to acknowledge the change in his convictions and generous in the acknowledgment. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, had an influence and an affectionate following not bounded by the limits of his Church. To him are credited two witticisms that have been attached to other names. "The Puritans first fell on their own knees, then on the aborigines," he said. When some one was inquiring too inquisitively about the affairs of one of his clergy, and asked, "Has the Rev. Mr. —— said anything to you about ——?" the quick reply came, "Nothing to *speak of*, sir," and the gossip was silenced. A good story is told of Bishop Eastburn, whose style of preaching was ponderous. In describing the prayer of the rich man to Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and his request for a drop of cooling water, the Bishop added, "To this wholly inadmissible request the patriarch returned a negative reply." Upon the consecration of Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, in the presence of six bishops at dinner, the host, Bishop Eastburn, proposed the health of the new Bishop, saying, "I am the only man at this table who has the right to do it, for," running his eye around the table until it had included every bishop present—"I am the only born Churchman among you"—which was right. In the startled pause the fact was recognized that a Congregationalist, two Presbyterians, a Baptist, a Quaker, and a Unitarian had been transformed into Episcopal bishops. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, had a ready wit, an example of which is given. A presiding bishop, whose Christian name was Benjamin, became terribly involved when trying to explain a matter of discipline, and Bishop Clark, in passing the secretary's desk, threw a small roll of paper across the page. Upon it was written, to Dr. Potter's amusement, "But Benjamin's *mess* was five times as much as any of theirs."

Bishop Clark went abroad for six months, and wrote remunerative articles for the old New York Ledger. Dr. Potter asked what they were to be about. "On the moral uses of hairpins, and subjects of that character," said the Bishop. He was childlike and yet saw large

[1] *Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops.* By the Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
My People of the Plains. By the Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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questions in a large light. Many stories could be related of Bishop Coxe, whose sensitiveness and dignity united to a fine frenzy often brought him into singular situations. A beautiful and pathetic scene in the life of Bishop Wilmer took place in New York City soon after the war. In his devotion to his high calling and forgetfulness of himself he entered the office of a great merchant, whom he had never met, and seriously spoke of the personal responsibility involved in great possessions. It was done in the spirit of his Master, and the merchant said later, "In all my life no one ever spoke to me like that!" The result was a large gift for the endowment of a cathedral—a result perhaps not so closely in the line of Christ's teachings as might have been expected. Bishop Potter supplements his personal recollections by many delightful sketches contributed by friends. A particularly pleasant reflection of Bishop Dudley is offered by the Rev. R. Grattan Nolan, who knew him all his life. He relates amusing tales of the negroes and their love and admiration for the Bishop. One awed waitress asked him, "King Dudley, will you have some cakes?" while another stood stiffly back, and, in reply to his mistress's whispered orders for more waffles, responded, "Huh! They ain't no mo'; he done had ten already."

Archbishop Temple has long been a fruitful source of stories; some, both new and old, appear in this volume. An old one is so good that it must be repeated. After the Archbishop's eyesight had failed, he was greeting his guests at a garden party at Lambeth. He said to one who approached him, "How do you do? How is your father?" The guest looked somewhat surprised and said, "My father is dead, your Grace." "And the widow, your mother, how is she?" said the Archbishop. "Thank you, she is quite well," somewhat stiffly. Afterwards the Archbishop asked some one, "By the way, who was that?" "That, your Grace," was the reply, with a spice of mischief, "was the Duke of Connaught."

Bishop Talbot for twelve years was associated with a different sort of men whom he calls "My People of the Plains"—rough, honest or dishonest, English or American, sturdy folk of our frontier. Among his friends he counted several Indians, and of one, Washakie, a Shoshone chief, he tells some excellent tales. General Grant sent Washakie a gift, which he received in silent emotion. Upon being urged to say some word of appreciation of the kindness of the Great Father, the old Indian said, "Well, Colonel, it is very hard for an Indian to say thank you like a white man. When you do a kindness for a white man, the white man feels it in his head, and his tongue talks; but when you do a kindness for a red man, the red man feels it in his heart. The heart has no tongue."

There are many diverting stories told of the way the sympathies of the cowboys and men of mining camps were enlisted in church work, and in several instances money was pledged to build a church, each man being "charged up according to his pile." The palmy days of the Rocky Mountain stage-coaches have passed away, disappearing before the advancing railway. In Bishop Talbot's time, in Wyoming and Idaho there were many thrilling adventures in stage travel. He recalls an epitaph which he says was found on an old gravestone:

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage-coach and thereby killed.
His name, Jay Sykes, a maker of sassengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers."

At one time Bishop Kemper was held up on a coach by a "road agent," who, on being informed that his victim was an Episcopal bishop, let him go, saying, "Why, that's the church I belong to! Driver, you may pass on."

In the Cœur d'Alene country, in the early days, Bishop Talbot's arrival was advertised in the following fashion on a green circular: "The Bishop is coming. Let all turn out and hear the Bishop. Services in George and Human's Hall to-morrow, Sunday, at 11 A.M. and 8 P.M. Please leave your guns with the usher." The charm was potent, the hall was packed, and a thousand dollars was raised to build a church. The men who went out as missionaries were of heroic character, and did much to preserve high ideals and insure the successful future of

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the new country. The Bishop often found well-educated Englishmen and Americans who had deliberately lost themselves in the West after throwing away opportunities at home. He declares he never met a professional gambler who defended his manner of life, yet, as a vice, gambling was the most hopeless to reform. There were not many colored people in the new country, but as a Missourian Bishop Talbot was interested in such of them as he met. At a meeting he attended Uncle Billy prayed that the good Lord would send down on the Bishop his "sanctum sanctorum." He afterwards explained, "I means dat I want de good Lord to send down on you jest de very best he's got on hand."

During the Western episcopate the Bishop went to England to attend missionary gatherings, and he tells some incidents that occurred during his visits. He stopped with several of the noted men of the Church of England, Archbishop Benson and Canon Farrar among others. In an address before a parish school he asked what a diocese was. A small boy, to the amusement of all, replied, "A diocese, my lord, is a district of land with the bishop on top and the clergy underneath." It is certainly true that even an American boy could not equal that. A strong plea is made for broad-minded treatment of the Mormons, and the Church is urged to provide churches and schools in every town and turn on light among these ignorant people. The Indians, too, are stoutly championed, and the story of our Nation's shame is told once more.

Comment on Current Books

The Adventures of Joujou

"Joujou" is a piquant little heroine, and her love story is delightful—just as the pictures are—in a dainty, whimsical way. The hero is a marquis, and there are pretty scenes in the garden of an old French château. The volume is thoroughly attractive. (The Adventures of Joujou. By Edith Macvane. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.)

Andrew Goodfellow

A romance of love, heartless desertion, and the sea life of Nelson's time. The story is told in a frank, open-hearted way, with no subtlety and without much literary art. (Andrew Goodfellow. By Helen H. Watson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Another Book in Archaic Style

Mr. Maurice Hewlett may have to look to his laurels. He is not the only author who understands how to write in cunningly archaic style. Mr. Edward Hutton is apparently running him a close second. If the incredulous Hewlett admirer does not believe it, he has but to look at the well printed and illustrated study of a fifteenth-century Italian despot just published by Mr. Hutton, namely, the interesting description of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Lovers of Italy, of Italian history, art, and literature, will welcome this volume. They will compare it, not so much with Mr. Hewlett's "The Road in Tuscany" or with any other description of Italian scenery, as with such books as Mrs. Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este" and "Isabella d'Este." Mr. Hutton professes to translate a contemporary chronicle written by a humanist, who was interested in art, namely, by one Pietro Sanseverino, with a sketch of the latter's life and an account of his meeting with Leon Battista Alberti. Let it be added that, despite this supposed translation, we find a number of very modern reflections and judgments. In the opinion of the fastidious, these, if not the narrative itself, might perhaps have been as well expressed with slightly less evident straining after effect. But this may be hypercriticism. (Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. By Edward Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.)

Carolopolis

It is doubtful whether many people have taken time to find out from whom the Carolinas took their names, and it is quite probable that most of us would say from Charles II. of England, who granted to the "Lord Proprietors" a large section of the territory known now as South Carolina. But the engaging writer of the history of Charleston reminds us that, a hundred years before this English grant was made, the French Huguenots sent out by Admiral Coligny claimed and named the new country for their king, Charles IX. of France. Beginning in 1679, this delightful chronicle of place and people leads us down

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to the close of the Civil War—in the saddened thoughts of her citizens, the period when the real Charleston ended. Mrs. Ravenel writes with loyalty, deep interest, and great care for important detail. She infuses into otherwise dry history the elusive charm of a vivacious and discriminating mind. Her magnetic quality collects exactly the items most interesting to the reader, and she often causes them to center about some piquant opinion of her own, or of some bygone character, with vivifying effect. Some of the most delightful glimpses are given of old Charleston society. For instance, a gentleman, being straitened in piazza room, always took his tea in summer on the broad sidewalk in front of his house. His friends would stop for a cup and a chat. "How did he manage with the people going by?" asked a modern son. "You surely do not suppose," said the astonished father, "that any one would intrude upon the old gentleman! Of course, when people saw him, if they were not his friends, they crossed the street and walked on the other side, not to annoy him!" Just this childlike unconventionality and delicate consideration for others were the dominant characteristics of old Charleston. Many in other parts of the country think it still exists, but to the real citizens of the old town it has long passed away. This criticism of Mr. Wister's "Lady Baltimore," exemplifying the old spirit, came with the delicious Southern accent from the lips of a Charleston man: "Well, I read the beginnin'—far enough to find two men sittin' on a tombstone discussin' whether they were gentlemen or not—and that was enough. I didn't read any mo'." No real Charleston man or woman has any doubt upon such a subject. The illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey are in full sympathy with the text. (Charleston, the Place and the People. By Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.)

The Colorado Desert

In two elaborately illustrated and finely printed volumes Mr. George Wharton James tells in detail of the picturesque features, natural characteristics, and history of that part of the Colorado desert which belongs to Southern California. The narrative includes a readable account of a journey by water along the overflow of the Colorado River which has resulted in the much-talked-of Salton Sea. This Sea, as our readers will remember from the story as told in The Outlook, threatened to become of such a size as to be injurious to the country in which it unexpectedly appeared; enormous sums have been spent in attempting to check this overflow and make the river return to its original channel, but newspaper despatches lately printed say that the elusive stream has once more foiled these efforts and that the Sea is again increasing in size. It need not be pointed out that Mr. James has in the general subject of his work a topic full of varied interest; and he is able to bring to its treatment knowledge of much that is absolutely unknown and strange to the average American reader, although it has to do with a part of his own country. Occasionally the reader feels that the author is giving a little too much detail, and is even inclined to question whether the material might not to advantage have been presented in a single volume. The same thing may be said of the three hundred pen-and-ink sketches made by Mr. Karl Eitel, who knows the desert in its pictorial aspects thoroughly; that is to say, while the pictures are capital in themselves, the work would not have suffered if there had not been quite so many. (The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5, net. Postage, 45 cents extra.)

Christianity in the Modern World

It is refreshing to light upon a book of broad views, lifting one above the conflicting and eddying currents of the streets into the steady breeze above the housetops. Modern science, philosophy, and criticism have made havoc of the theology that fitted well the comparative ignorance of past centuries. Many either rejoice or fear that the primitive faith is thereby doomed. As the lobster which has cast its old shell to put on a larger one is for the time more vulnerable to its foes, so is the case with religion in a time of transit from form to form of knowledge. But Mr. Cairns rightly sees in such a case "the modern *præparatio evangelica*" for a victorious advance of creative power. Whatever has become of the ancient dogmas fabricated to cope with the Hellenism of the classic and the barbarism of the mediæval age, the net result of the past century of historic research has been to lift into glorious pre-eminence the person of the Founder of Christianity, as the heavenly leader of human progress in all that tends to ideal manhood. A new manifestation of divine power unquestionably appeared in him. The impression he produced on his disciples, as reflected in their writings, can only be explained by a larger indwelling of God in him than in any other member of our race. Herein lies his moral authority for the conscience of mankind. How this is related to the twentieth century appears in the fact that this supreme author-

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ity is brought to bear upon the great powers of the world at a time when they have come into the closest relations of influence with all the backward and weaker peoples—at a time also when these great powers themselves are menaced by social tension and trouble within themselves, growing out of economic evils that are also moral wrongs. Thus has Christianity come through a century of preparation to face a task perhaps greater than any before, and religion, as in many previous crises both before and since the Christian era, may be confidently expected to bring to birth the new and better order of the future. The line of its hope lies in its power to moralize the selfishness of the individual by transforming private interest into the ideal of a common good. Precisely this is what Jesus effected in the apostolic age by his ideal of the kingdom of heaven. Rarely, if ever, has the subject of the book been better treated. (Christianity in the Modern World. By the Rev. D. S. Cairns, M.A. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.50.)

Diplomacy Mr. Foster's competent pen has in successive publications performed good public service in popularizing knowledge of an important subject—the intercourse of our own with other Governments. He has already shown the beneficent influence of American diplomacy upon international law. He now describes the character, methods, and duties of our diplomatic service from its beginning until now, and records what it has attempted, together with its achievements, failures, and mistakes—all with sufficient detail to make the narrative historically valuable, as well as interesting to the general reader. Of instances humorous and serious, illustrating good form and bad, tact and indiscretion, there is no lack, and foreign diplomats come in for their share. The mooted points of practice in foreign relations, and also between the President and the Senate in regard to these, are clearly stated—some of them now settled, others still open. Treaties and other compacts, arbitration, and international claims, are amply and instructively treated. In the simplification and the moralization of international diplomacy the United States has evidently taken a leading part. It may be doubted whether any branch of the public service has so honorable a record, and yet it has been singularly starved by the parsimony of Congress from the beginning. On Congress also it still depends whether the character of our consular service shall be made as generally creditable to us as the higher grades have become. Such books as Mr. Foster's help toward this so far as they promote that compelling public opinion which Congress respects. (The Practice of Diplomacy. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $3, net.)

The Dogs of War The illustrator of this little yarn, as well as its author, knows dog nature, and the characterizations are decidedly entertaining. The collaboration is quite perfect, and it is almost impossible to consider the story apart from the pictures. Possibly the drawings are a bit cleverer than the text, although there is much amusing matter in the dog biography and the account of "the greatest dogs' club in the world." (The Dogs of War. By Walter Emanuel. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

Eight Secrets We unhesitatingly pronounce this one of the best boys' books of the season, and note that it is particularly well adapted for boys who have an interest in invention and possess some share of the ingenuity which is often considered an all but universal American attribute. Apart from this, however, the tale has decided story interest and a capital plot idea in the house with its "eight secrets," which suggests the curiosity-stimulating title. Mr. Ingersoll is always to be depended upon for faithfulness to nature, and whether he deals with animals or with boys he gives us the genuine thing. The boy in this book is, to be sure, rather out of the common in his capacity for getting himself out of scrapes and for doing things in a wonderfully effective way; but while exceptional, he is by means impossible. (Eight Secrets. By Ernest Ingersoll. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net.)

The Fair Hills of Ireland "This book is written," explains its author, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, "in praise of Ireland." It is, in fact, obviously intended to play a part in promoting the "Irish revival," that literary and linguistic movement which aims to develop in the contemporary Irishman a greater interest in his native tongue and in his country's past glories, and thereby stimulate him to earnest endeavor to make the present more worthy of the past. What Mr. Gwynn has done is to write a topographical history of Ireland. He describes its ancient ruins, monuments, and relics, its famous rivers and towns, and its "fair hills," associating each with the period or event for which it is best known. In this way he contrives to incorporate in his pages an amazing variety of information—information historical, traditional, archæological, architectural, social, economic, and literary—and thus to appeal to a far wider audience than that composed of his fellow-Irishmen.

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But it must be said that the wider audience will hardly be so interested as would have been the case had he hit upon a happier arrangement of his material. As it is, his book lends itself to desultory rather than consecutive reading. Its author wanders too rapidly and disconnectedly from theme to theme, indulges over-freely in allusion, and demands too great a previous knowledge of Irish history, legendary as well as authentic. Nevertheless, the book will be found well worth the pains necessary to read it, and should meet an especial welcome from prospective travelers in Ireland, who, we observe, Mr. Gwynn is quick to differentiate from "tourists." (The Fair Hills of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.)

The Flight of Marie Antoinette

With an incredible minuteness of detail the story of three tragic days in the life of the French Queen is told in a large illustrated volume translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stanell. A heroic figure surrounded by weak dependents, her children, and the slow-witted, foolish King, it is no wonder that she inspired romantic devotion in the hearts of a few brave men. Among these, Count de Fersen, a Swedish nobleman, takes the first place as the Queen's deliverer. On the 20th of June, 1791, the royal party left Paris at night, and, aided by a few faithful friends, escaped as far as Varennes. There they were overtaken and brought back prisoners. This brief tragedy, the opening scene to be followed by increasing dangers and tumults, is described, with each actor concerned in it. The volume may have a useful place among historical documents, but it will be found tedious and almost trivial in its exhaustiveness. It contains a large number of prints of places and people concerned in the affair. (The Flight of Marie Antoinette. From the French of G. Lenotre, by Mrs. Rodolph Stanell. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

The Fortune of the Republic

We would commend this little volume of essays and addresses to the careful consideration of all who, by reason of the revelations of the past two or three years, are beginning to despair of the future of the United States. Rather, as Dr. Hillis in his sturdy optimism declares, should they rejoice in that these revelations bear witness to a public sentiment determined to rid the body politic of the germs of corruption and death. Searching further, as Dr. Hillis has searched in several years of travel through every State and Territory in the Union, the pessimists will find a wealth of evidence to dissipate their fears and convert them to his belief that "any darkness there is on the horizon is morning twilight and not evening twilight." This evidence is summed up in the growth of the religious spirit, the increasing popularization of education and culture, and the passing of sectionalism. Specifically, Dr. Hillis believes that everything points to a still greater America, greater in religion, in morals, in politics, in art, and, last though not least, in National unity. It may be objected that some of his generalizations are incapable of positive proof and are open to dispute, but nevertheless the candid reader must carry conviction from his pages, and with conviction the determination to play his part in realizing the ideals Dr. Hillis has set forth. In a word, his book makes for religious and intellectual betterment and for a whole-hearted, robust patriotism that must be up and doing. (The Fortune of the Republic. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.20, net.)

Guide to Preachers

Laymen who would qualify themselves to preach acceptably and effectively—and there is need of many such—will find this an eminently helpful book. It covers the whole subject—the Biblical, doctrinal, homiletical, rhetorical conditions of preaching and reasoning suitably to the needs of the modern world. Such subsidiary matters as language, literary style, elocution, and delivery receive proportionate treatment, and the important requisite of furnishing the layman with points helpful in his conflict with popular skepticism is not overlooked. There is no other book that so well meets the present want. The lists of books recommended are, with two exceptions, all British. Some excellent American substitutes should have had mention for the convenience of American students. (A Guide to Preachers. By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.50, net.)

The "Imitation of Christ"

Every lover of this immortal book, the radiant product of a dark age, will be glad that it has found here a sympathetic and competent interpreter. A common misinterpretation of it is current; viz., that it is solely self-interested, concerned only for the good of the individual apart from his fellows. Though the distinguished name of Dean Milman is subscribed to this opinion, it is a strange misjudgment of one who wrote, "If you would be carried, carry another." That à Kempis was a thoroughgoing altruist, "in fact a socialist rather than an individualist," his commentator easily shows.

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His aim must still be our aim—the Christianization of Christendom. Then atheism and lust defiled the Church. To-day self-interest in more refined forms of materialism has enervated it. Now, as then, great changes are impending. It was the wide upwelling of the mystic religious spirit, which has left its greatest memorial in "The Imitation of Christ," that produced a reformed Church, and so "made modern Europe possible." The same antagonistic principles, now as then, confront each other; the spirit of à Kempis has still further victories to win, and his book is a book for all time, until "The City of God," the dream alike of the Stoic philosopher and the Christian theologian, is realized on earth. The mooted question of its authorship is here critically discussed, and its authenticity fairly demonstrated; its structure is analyzed, and the various sources shown from which its author drew; lists and accounts of its manuscripts and printed editions are given; many fine illustrations, including some facsimile pages, are added; full recognition is shown to the work of Thomas's fellow-mystics. In short, it is a timely and helpful commentary upon a great recreative and reconstructive movement, the soul of which, in Thomas's little book, is still "marching on." (Thomas à Kempis. By J. E. G. De Montmorency, B.A., LL.B. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.25, net.)

Joyous Religion

An unpretentious but valuable little book is this, born out of an experience of hard trials. It invites to the way out of darkness and storm into light and peace. Its fundamental positions are true psychologically and ethically, as well as in the mystical religious life. It may be heartily commended to all who would reach the high levels of "the life that is life indeed," where no cloud or storm is that the sun does not quickly dissipate. (Rejoice Always. By Frank S. Van Eps and Marion B. Van Eps. Published by the Authors, New York.)

Lord Acton's Lectures

Hitherto the general public has had scant opportunity to avail itself of the erudition of the late Lord Acton, celebrated as the most learned man in Europe; but now, it seems, some rich gleanings from his scholarship are at last to be given to the world. Of these the first installment is just to hand in a volume of lectures edited by Mr. John Neville Figgis and Mr. Reginald Vere Laurence. The lectures are those on modern history delivered by Lord Acton as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and are doubly interesting as revealing the spirit in which he approached the study of history and the idea underlying the monumental "Cambridge Modern History" which he planned, but in the execution of which he was able to take small part. To Lord Acton, it is very evident, history is the study of studies, and it is equally evident that he regarded as of most moment the history of the centuries intervening since the Renaissance and the Reformation. To him, too, the great thing was historical thinking rather than historical learning, "solidity of criticism" rather than "plenitude of erudition." For this he found all sufficient reason in his view of history as the interpreter of the present. In this view, too, may perhaps be found the secret of the caution that so long kept him a student instead of a teacher of history. But, as these lectures amply demonstrate, once he began to teach he did not hesitate to formulate conclusions and pass verdicts. Modern history, as he presents it to us, is a vindication of general ideas, and for him, in his maturity at least, general ideas held no terrors. Take this pregnant sentence, expressing in a few words his conception of the salient feature, the central fact, of the historic cycles since the Reformation: "Beginning with the strongest religious movement and the most refined despotism ever known, it [the subversion of established forms of political life by the development of religious thought] has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and terminates in the equal claim of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfillment of duty to God—a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, which is the secret essence of the Rights of Man and the indestructible soul of Revolution." Sometimes, indeed, his generalizations must be held suspect, even in positive error. Thus, in the lecture on the American Revolution we must query his assertion that the colonists "were not roused by the sense of intolerable wrong," and that the Declaration of Independence "was too rhetorical to be scientific." But in the main there can be little question of the soundness of his views, the correctness of his attitude. And, what is not unimportant, the lectures show that, "scientific" historian though he was, he was keenly alive to the human element in history. Whether he is speaking of the discovery and exploration of the New World, of the Reformation, of the counter-Reformation, or of the Thirty Years' War, his thoughts center about some commanding figure, and through this figure reveal alike movements and forces and principles. (Lectures on Modern History. By the late Right Hon. John Edward Emerich, First Baron Acton. Edited by John Neville Figgis,

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M.A., and Reginald Vere Laurence, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.25.)

The Master "This book," says its author, the Dean of Faribault, "attempts to interpret Jesus Christ in the light of modern scholarship." It does this in the form of characterization, as Dr. Bushnell did long ago, rather than of narrative. The record of the Master's deeds may be called in question by critics; but after scholarship has given all the light it can, and all documents and institutions have borne their testimony, the personal traits that are beyond controversy shine forth. The net result is that in Jesus Christ humanity is seen divinized and God humanized. Written from a conservative standpoint, the volume is free from dogmatism, while leading up to the teaching of the Nicene Creed. Its framers, as we know, did not believe with Dean Slattery that God and man are essentially of the same nature. But this view opens the question, *In what sense* was Christ "more than man"? as the Dean concludes. He is content to accept it as a fact, and to leave it as a mystery. (The Master of the World. By Charles Lewis Slattery. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

A Modern Knight The effect of municipal righteousness is demonstrated by Mr. George in this most modern of romances. The Knight rides forth to overthrow the giant called Graft, and he wears his lady's favor on his helmet. But the mystery and the misery appear in the train of the harmless double life of the lady—at home the devoted daughter of a railway king, and in the working world a young artist in stained-glass window designing. The Knight knows her only in the second character, until the forces of evil in a misgoverned city combine against him, and he almost loses both prize of honor and love of lady. While there are parts of the story that too thinly for artistic effect disguise the especial message that Mr. George feels himself commissioned to utter, the tale is well told and worth telling. The mixture of Scotch and Irish used by the district boss could be improved, and some unnecessary bad spelling might be eliminated to the advantage of the tale. (The Romance of John Bainbridge. By Henry George, Jr. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Oxford This is a new volume in the Langham Series of Art Monographs. Any one who expects to visit Oxford could do no better than to slip into his pocket this neat and handsome small volume. In many ways it would be vastly superior to the ordinary guide-book, and has also the advantage of presenting the beautiful university town and its colleges through photographs and drawings that are truly admirable. (Oxford. By H. J. L. J. Masse, M.A. The Langham Series. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1, net.)

Pardner of Blossom Range A Western novel of average merit. (Pardner of Blossom Range. By Frances Charles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

Paths to the City of God Sermons by a widely popular preacher meet a wide welcome. In the present volume the Chicago pastor impresses one with a sense of asymmetry. He seems to give disproportionate attention to the "fall" of Adam with its alleged consequences, and the fall of Chicago, with its palpable consequences, from the moral ideals of all good citizens. He is at his best in "The Lessons of the Rainbow," "The Treasures of the Snow," "Religion and Art," "The Angel in the Sun." But in "Action and the Religious Life" he gives an essay in general terms, instead of a drum-beat to specific and neglected duties. Dr. Gunsaulus is gifted with a rhetorical power such as a successor of the Biblical prophets needs, and it is not exempt from the need of a chastening curb. The conditions which in our great cities call for prophets of the Biblical type present a field for the exercise of such a power in opening "paths to the city of God" which these sermons, except in a half-page, do not seem to recognize. (Paths to the City of God. By Frank W. Gunsaulus. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

Pauline Studies A welcome greets this volume by the distinguished geographer and historian who published, a dozen years ago, the widely known work, "St. Paul, Traveller and Roman Citizen." Of the fifteen essays it contains nearly half are new or substantially new. The remainder, originally appearing in various magazines, have been thoroughly revised and improved. The critical study of early Christian history is not yet, as Professor Ramsay holds, duly influenced by the new learning of Roman Imperial history—a remark especially pertinent to critics of the Acts of the Apostles. Among the most interesting of these essays are two upon the Acts, whose Lucan authorship is vigorously maintained against Professor McGiffert. Another, the "Statesmanship of Paul," develops a view favored by many scholars, that Paul cherished the design of making the Roman Empire Christian: "Had it not been for Paul—if one may guess at what might have been—no man would now remember Roman and Greek

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civilization." That Paul fills so much of the New Testament is "because of his personal qualities and historical importance." A striking paper shows that the worship of the Virgin Mary at Ephesus took place at "a critical, epoch-making date in the development of Byzantine government and religion," as a substitute for the pagan cult of the virgin goddess Diana. Other important articles might be mentioned did space permit. Not only does Professor Ramsay bring fresh and valuable instruction from the field of his special study, but he renders good service as a judicious moderator of the schools of critics. (Pauline and Other Studies in Early Christian History. By W. M. Ramsay, Hon. D.C.L. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $3, net.)

A Romance of Old Wars "A Romance of Old Wars" has something of the quality of a fine old tapestry. The action takes place in the fourteenth century in France, during the reign of Charles VI. The story is well written—in the self-conscious, elaborate manner which is supposed to give historical perspective—and the plot is brought to an artistic close. But the writer, in common with all narrators but the very greatest, sees the past pictorially, romantically, showing the superficial pageant and leaving unexpressed that absolute humanity which makes it as real and living as the present. (A Romance of Old Wars. By Valentina Hawtrey. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Romola This is an elaborately "historically illustrated" edition in two volumes. The effort has been, in the words of the Introduction, "to apply the Röntgen rays of criticism to the fair form of 'Romola' in order to behold the historical skeleton divested of all clothing of romance." So we have facsimiles of the library slips by which George Eliot and Mr. Lewes drew books relating to Florence, every conceivable view of the historical monuments and architecture of Florence, and much else collected arduously, not to say painfully. And still Romola remains, a noble and beautiful romance. (Romola. By George Eliot. In 2 vols. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $3, net.)

Salvage "Salvage" belongs to the class of light-weight novels, but it captures the interest at once and sustains it without lapse—a successful story of its kind, with no underlying philosophy or special motive, but good in plot and style. After an opening scene in London, which provides an element of mystery, the action continues in New York, where the various interests are subordinated to a well-managed love story. The characters are well conceived and ingeniously related. (Salvage. By J. Aquila Kempster. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Scotch Sermons The author of these discourses, the Principal of the United Free Church College at Aberdeen, is better known among American scholars and theologians than in our churches. In these, however, this volume of sermons on the Christian life will find a deserved welcome. Thoroughly evangelical, they are concerned with inward culture rather than with outward activities. They are not of the sort that in our country attract popular audiences, but of the kind that touch thoughtful hearers or readers in the meditative moments when, to understand ourselves, we must be by ourselves. (The Other Side of Greatness, and Other Sermons. By James Iverach, M.A., D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.50, net.)

Some Irish Yesterdays A series of wordy and fragmentary attempts to depict Irish life and character. The book is seldom interesting, often dull, and sometimes almost unintelligible—and therefore not to be compared with the genuinely entertaining books of Irish sketches by these writers which have had great popularity. (Some Irish Yesterdays. By E. O. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Soteriology In noting a fresh issue of Dr. Du Bose's well-known work it suffices to recall The Outlook's comment upon its appearance in a new edition in 1899: "It has been recognized as one of the strongest contributions that recent years have brought to the Catholic-orthodox teaching on the Scriptural doctrine of salvation." (The Soteriology of the New Testament. By William Porcher Du Bose, M.A., S.T.D. Reissue. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

Twenty Years of the Republic Something more than annals and something less than history—such is Professor Harry Thurston Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic," which perhaps may be best described as an entertaining and in some respects illuminating account of the most significant events in the recent political, economic, and intellectual life of the United States. In these pages Professor Peck shows himself an acute observer and intelligent student of conditions obtaining in the world of affairs. A trained journalist, he appreciates the necessity of sustaining the interest and appealing to the imagination of his readers, and not once does the action lag in

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his story of the occurrences transpiring between the time of President Cleveland's inauguration in 1885 and the close of the McKinley-Roosevelt administration in 1905. His book, in fact, is a series of vivid word-pictures, clearly vizualizing events and *dramatis personæ*, and punctuated by anecdote. In method it is not unlike Mr. Herbert Paul's recently published "History of Modern England." But Professor Peck speaks his mind more freely than does Mr. Paul, and occasionally with undue warmth. Sometimes, too, he writes with an air of finality that is unwarranted in view of the fact that all the evidence is not yet at hand. And now and again his pen portraits are hardly fair to their historic subjects. For all of this, we have read his work with satisfaction, recognizing that in more than one important way it is soundly informative. Especially does it impress us as affording an excellent idea of the sources of the popular discontent that has made itself so strongly felt during the past few months. (Twenty Years of the Republic. By Harry Thurston Peck, LL.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50, net.)

Ye Gardeyne Boke This is a collection of instructive and sentimental quotations relating to gardens and garden-lore, tastefully decorated and beautifully printed. We may note also that this is one of a list of ten books put out in time for the holidays by a firm of San Francisco publishers who have, despite earthquake, fire, and business upheavals, "put through" this excellent achievement to the credit of their enterprise and literary judgment. (Ye Gardeyne Boke. Quotations Gathered and Arranged by Jennie Day Haines. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. $1.50.)

Letters to The Outlook

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE

[The following letter from General Robert E. Lee comes to us through a personal friend of the Lee family, and it is of extraordinary interest not only as throwing light on the scrupulous honor and personal modesty of the writer, but also as a singularly cogent example in these days of insurance scandals of the right attitude of companies and individuals toward their sacred trust. It will be remembered that General Lee wrote this letter only two years after the war, when he was broken in health and devoid of resources, with a family dependent on his efforts and upon his modest salary as President of Washington College.—THE EDITORS.]

Lexington, Va., December 23, 1868.

Dear Mr. B——:—

I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 12th and the kind interest you have shown in my welfare. I approve highly of your views, and especially of your course, and feel satisfied that you will accomplish great good. I have considered Mr. F——'s proposition, and though I believe that the establishment in Richmond by the Universal Life Insurance Companies of a branch office, on the plan proposed, would be attended with much benefit, I do not think that I am the proper person for the position of Managing Director. The secure investment of the funds accruing from the Southern business in the present condition of our affairs, it seems to me, would be attended with great trouble, and should be managed with great care. In my present position I fear I should not have time, even if I possessed the ability, to conduct it. Life insurance trusts I consider sacred. To hazard the property of the dead, and to lose the scanty earnings of fathers and husbands who have toiled and saved that they may leave something to their families, deprived of their care and the support of their labor, is to my mind the worst of crimes. I could not undertake such a charge unless I could see and feel that I could faithfully execute it. I have therefore felt constrained, after deliberation, to decline the proposition of Mr. F——. I trust that the Company may select some better man for the position, for I think in proper hands it would accomplish good. For your interest in my behalf, and for Mr. L——'s kind consideration, I am very grateful. And with my thanks to both of you, and to Mr. F—— for his kindness, to whom I trust you to explain the reason of my course, I am,

Truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

THE SOUL OF HONOR

The very magnanimous tributes to General Lee which have appeared in The Outlook—tributes the more interesting that they appear in a Northern journal which was for years under the editorial control of one of the great anti-slavery leaders, Henry Ward Beecher—remind me of an incident concerning General Lee which was told to me some years ago while visiting an old Southern family. The narrator of the incident was a fine example

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of the old-fashioned Virginia gentleman, tall, straight, upright in stature and bearing, with a strong, kindly face having in it a curious suggestion both of President Lincoln and of General Lee. Seated on the porch of his century-old mansion, he told this story with the charm of the accomplished raconteur and the simplicity and modesty of the old soldier who has fought on the losing side.

Just before the close of the war the Confederacy was in sore straits for transport animals. Sherman had struck into the vitals of the South, and they could not be obtained from Georgia or Alabama. The chief of transportation decided to send to Mexico to buy horses and mules. To get these it was necessary to send gold, not the depreciated Confederate currency. Trusted agents were each supplied with money belts containing five thousand dollars in gold, and ordered to proceed to Mexico for the purpose stated. Then came the break-up and the surrender. One of the transportation agents who had not started on his journey came to his superior, the chief of transportation, and returned the gold to him, though the former officer was of course now but a private citizen. Though without means for restoring his demoralized plantation to a profitable basis, this conscientious citizen had no thought of applying the windfall to his own necessities. He took counsel of various of his former associates as to what should be done with the money. One Confederate general said, "I am stranded. I can use some of that gold as a loan. So can So-and-so, and Such-a-one." Another said, "Divide it among the widows and orphans around you. Devote it to charity for the suffering survivors." He finally appealed to General Lee, who lived at some distance from his home. General Lee promptly said, "That money must be treated as captured property of the Confederacy, and surrendered as such to the Federal authorities." My friend took the money to Richmond, presented it to the astonished Provost-Marshal, took a receipt for it, and the incident was closed. I think this transaction reflects the highest credit on the conscientiousness and devotion to their sense of duty of both General Lee and the man who sought his advice. We do well to honor the memory of such men.

H. H. M.

A PLEA FOR THE RIIS HOUSE

As we look about at the wonderful transformation in our shabby old houses at the Riis Settlement, and see their beauty and their fine equipment, and the new Theodore Roosevelt Gymnasium, the pride and joy of all our young people, and realize that they are all ours, without a penny of debt upon them, we can hardly believe it, and our hearts are so full of gratitude that a wonderful Christmas spirit pervades the building and inspires the groups of busy workers, all absorbed in preparations for the week of festivities that Christmas brings us.

First, there are those wonderful bundles to do up that go into the one hundred and thirty-five homes, with some remembrance marked for each member of the family, young and old; and then the stately tree that must bear beautiful fruit once, and often twice, each day, for the successive groups of the various clubs and classes—some fourteen hundred gifts in all to be provided. It is delightful work, and we wish those who have so generously given to make all this possible could share the joy with us.

The festivities will be over by the time these words pass through the press, but the Christmas spirit will remain to cheer many a humble home and overburdened heart. Only some of us will be reminded, with the opening of the new year, that enlarged buildings and fine equipment bring enlarged responsibilities and added expenses, for it takes a good deal of coal, gas, and electricity to keep our beautiful building warm and light, and up to the standard of higher living that it represents in this dreary neighborhood.

The regular demands of the kindergarten and all the club and educational work are already piling up bills faster than we can meet them, and we know that this bitter weather will bring sickness and suffering in the crowded, unsanitary homes, with many calls for relief. Our treasury is quite exhausted by the many little extras in finishing and furnishing the various rooms. This is all done now, and well done, but we need funds for the daily necessities of the work itself.

It will cost nearly six thousand dollars to carry us through to the first of May, when Fresh Air and summer contributions begin to come in. This is exclusive of the gymnasium support which is so generously provided by the boys and girls of eleven private schools, through the personal efforts of Mr. Riis. About two thousand dollars is due in pledges for the general work. Will not our kind friends among The Outlook readers, who have so often and so generously proved their interest in the Settlement, help us to raise the four thousand dollars necessary to make the winter's work a success, and to lift this last burden of anxiety from our grateful hearts?

CLARA FIELD, Treasurer.

Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement,
48 Henry Street, New York.

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THOSE LOST GARMENTS

Is there anything that you can do in the interest of art or mercy to check the painful illustrations of the stable scene at the time of the Nativity? Where, oh where are the nice thoughtful little garments that the sweet mother prepared in Galilee and carried with her in her anxious journey? Are we not especially told that she "wrapped him in swaddling-clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for her in the inn"? There is nothing shocking in the thought of the fresh, free, cool cave where the cattle slept, or the little manger cradle. The shepherds stand about in adoring awe; but they are all clothed in sheepskins. Joseph, in a long, warm cloak, is leaning on his staff. The Virgin mother, wrapped up to the eyes in every kind of picturesque garment, sits enthroned in light, and at her feet or on her knees lies a poor little shivering baby—absolutely naked except for a halo of apparently electric light—quite devoid of any warmth or comfort!

There was one picture last year which went the rounds and was advertised in so many magazines that it was evidently much admired, in which the poor little pallid figure on the ground was so pitiful that the only text it suggested was, "Behold, I am a worm, and no man."

No woman paints these pictures. Her heart would forbid the cruelty. From the old masters down to their present very far removed successors, the greatly swathed Madonna holds a little naked Jesus and seems to be satisfied.

But where, oh where are the swaddling-clothes which the Bible tells us were used at the baby's birth, and which the Angel especially mentioned to the shepherds in giving directions as to their finding the Holy Child!

It puts Mary mother far off in sympathy from the other young mothers who spend their happy hours in making all possible soft, warm preparations for their own little ones, with prayers in their hearts for the blessing of the Holy Child Jesus on their coming joy.

Y.

WOMEN AND WAGE-SPENDING

I ask for permission to write a few words concerning extravagant consumption by the laboring class. I have read with much interest both Mr. Cochran Wilson's article on "Women and Wage-Spending" and Mr. I. M. Rubinow's letter in criticism of Mr. Wilson. I agree perfectly with Mr. Rubinow that there is great need of statistical investigation of workingmen's budgets, and of the budgets of other classes also; for my observation tells me that there is much mal-consumption among all classes. On the other hand, I think that Mr. Wilson, in spite of his contempt for statistics, has put forth a significant truth in declaring that workingmen's wives are given to unwise expenditures. As I understand Mr. Wilson, he pleads, not, as Mr. Rubinow charges, for lower expenditures, but for more rational and harmonious expenditures. Bulletin 65 of the Bureau of Labor throws no light whatever upon the question of how money is spent by workingmen within particular commodity groups. An expenditure of $107.84 per family for clothing may or may not be extravagant. It probably is not extravagant in so far as its nominal relations to the other items of expenditure are concerned; but the more important question is, What kind of clothes does the working family buy? Are they clothes that yield substantial, sensible utility, or are they merely, or in part at any rate, articles purchased in response to a foolish desire to emulate a higher social class or to maintain social competition with others of the same class? The expenditure of $326.90 for food may or may not involve extravagance. The important question is whether this food is such as will maintain health and economic efficiency, or whether in a considerable part it is food representing ostentatious consumption. An individual may spend his whole income for shelter and food, and still be extravagant. That he spends a small percentage of his income for tobacco, liquors, and amusements is evidence, as Mr. Rubinow intimates, that he is not extravagant. In America, where the emulation of a higher by a lower class is possible, and where there is less disposition than in Europe to accept a class status, there is bound to be much foolish spending, much unwise consumption. By all means we want to gain for the workingman higher wages, and encourage in him a development of more and more wants; but we want also to encourage him to make his consumption rational and harmonious, not only with respect to the relations between different groups of expenditure, but also with those groups.

RAYMOND V. PHELAN,
Assistant Professor of Economics and Sociology in Miami University.
Oxford, Ohio.

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CRIED EASILY

Nervous Woman Stopped Coffee and Quit Other Things

No better practical proof that coffee is a drug can be required than to note how the nerves become unstrung in women who habitually drink it.

The stomach, too, rebels at being continually drugged with coffee and tea—they both contain the drug—caffeine. Ask your doctor.

An Ia. woman tells the old story thus:

"I had used coffee for six years and was troubled with headaches, nervousness, and dizziness. In the morning upon rising I used to belch up a sour fluid, regularly.

"Often I got so nervous and miserable I would cry without the least reason, and I noticed my eyesight was getting poor.

"After using Postum a while, I observed the headaches left me and soon the belching of sour fluid stopped (water brash from dyspepsia). I feel decidedly different now, and I am convinced that it is because I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I can see better now, my eyes are stronger.

"A friend of mine did not like Postum, but when I told her to make it like it said on the package, she liked it all right." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Always boil Postum well and it will surprise you.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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Here are a few specimen values. Mail your order to-day. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Waist No. 504. White lawn is the material used for this pretty waist, the front being composed of alternating embroidered and tucked panels joined together by narrow strips of lace. The waist closes in the back, each side of the center being trimmed with clusters of fine tucks. The sleeves are handsomely trimmed to correspond with the front. Both collar and cuffs are made of bands of the embroidery trimmed with lace. Short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 44 bust.

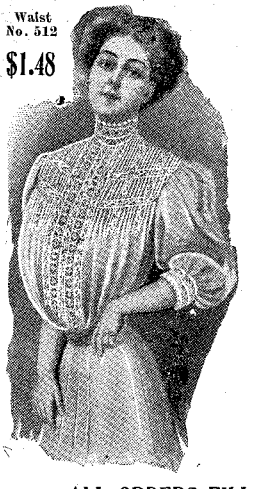
Great Value
Price 98 cents
Postage 10 cents

Waist No. 504

98c.

Waist No. 512

$1.48



Waist No. 512. The illustration fails to do full justice to this exquisite lingerie waist. It is made of soft finished white batiste, tastefully trimmed with Val lace and fancy open work embroidery. Clusters of baby tucks on both front and back add to the attractiveness of the garment. A dainty finish is supplied by the collar and cuffs, which are made entirely of Val lace and insertion. Waist closes in the back. Short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 44 bust.

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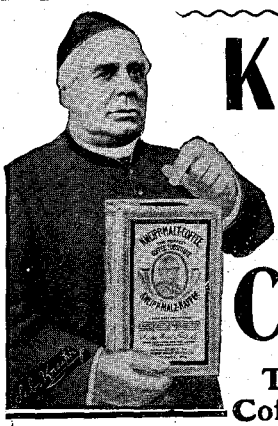

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